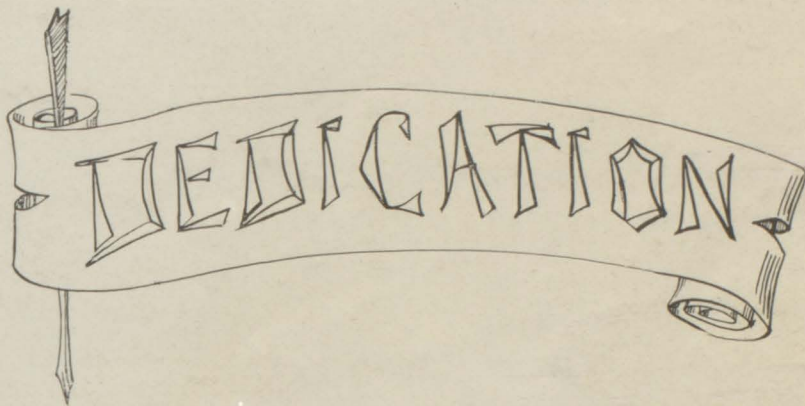


STUDENT

P^{'20} S

HH





“To Our Mothers and Fathers”

*Whom do we owe our Lives to?
Who help in our dreams and plans?
Who give us a chance at High School
To make our strength a man's?
Our Mothers and Our Fathers.*

*Whom do we dedicate this to?
For whom shall it always stand?
For those whom we love most dearly
And are honored in every land.
Our Mothers and Our Fathers.*



The Faculty

H. A. DAVIS, Superintendent

V. R. HUNGERFORD, Principal

MATHEMATICS

Allie B. Chapin

Cella Bywater

Beatrice Scupholm

LATIN

Margaret Kress

ENGLISH

Grace M. Northrup

Alta Hayward

Beatrice Woodward

Clarissa McCollom

Pancy Blake

Elizabeth Avery

HISTORY

Marguerite Stevens Miller

CIVICS

Elizabeth Carlisle

MODERN LANGUAGES

Alice E. Rothman

Jean Everham

Helen F. Naumann (absent on leave)

SCIENCE

Mary Miller

Harry Smith

COMMERCIAL

T. A. Anderson

Lillian Kilby

Wm. Hilzinger

Ethel Martin

SEWING

Jean Ross

MANUAL TRAINING

F. Lake

Wm. McIntosh

GLEE CLUBS

Edna Fraser



Student Staff

Editor-in-Chief	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Alfred Browning
Business Manager	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Gordon Tappan
Advertising Manager	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Albert Hogan
Circulation Manager	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Eugene Lewis
Literary Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Isabel MacLaren
Assistant Literary Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Alice West
Society Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ruth Sturmer
Alumni Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Marie Maurer
Athletic Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Frederick Moore
Exchange Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Gladys Lowe
Joke Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	William Hill
Art Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Curtis Chalcraft
Personal Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Frances Moore
Photography	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Elizabeth Welsh
Advisors	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Northrup, Miss Everham
Typists	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Hazel VanTine, Alma McAuley, Ruth Kennedy

JUNIOR ASSISTANTS

Business Manager	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Edward Parsons
Advertising Manager	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jack Taylor

CORRESPONDENTS

Junior	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mavis Warner, Kenneth DeGraw
Sophomore	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Phyllis Turnbull, Mac Watterworth
Freshman	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jean Laird, Russel Wonderlic

SENIOR



Graduation Song

To our school and to our class,
Always loyal we'll be and true;
Highest standards we will pass
In everything we try to do—
If we fail we'll start anew.

Honor those who have taught us
And worked with us, too;
'Tis they who have brought us
An ideal that is true,
Ambition to carry us thru.

With our courage and hope high,
We set out along life's way;
With a smile and never a sigh,
We push forward day by day
Good or bad, come what may.

Tho our hearts may be aching
And our eyes with tears grow dim,
At the thot of ties we're breaking,
The friends we'll never meet again;
And days we've been so happy in.

As the golden sunbeams greet us
And balmy breezes blow o'er us,
Memories of the past meet us;
High School is finished for us;
And sweetly swells our chorus:—

"Class of twenty we're for you
And your colors gold and blue
Blue from heaven, gold from flower,
Blue for truth, gold for power
With our colors bright and gay
We are gathered here today
To say farewell for aye
To dear old Port Huron High."

—V. RUTH EVANS, '20.

Commencement Week

Baccalaureate Sermon

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
REV. CHARLTON
SUNDAY, JUNE 13

Class Day Program

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM
TUESDAY, JUNE 15

Commencement Exercises

MAJESTIC THEATRE— 8:00 O'CLOCK
PRES. H. M. CROOKS, OF ALMA COLLEGE
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16

Senior Play, "The Green Elephant"

MAJESTIC THEATRE
THURSDAY, JUNE 17

Senior Hop

WASHINGTON SCHOOL GYMNASIUM
FRIDAY, JUNE 18



FRANCES MOORE
Salutatorian



MARIE MAURER
Valedictorian

Class Day Program

March

President's Address	-	-	-	-	Charles Taylor
Salutatory	-	-	-	-	Frances Moore
History	-	-	-	-	Paul Brown Blanche Warren Lilly Hagle Maud Jones
Chemist	-	-	-	-	George Norris
Will	-	-	-	-	Gladys Lowe
Student Council	-	-	-	-	James Ramsey
Poem	-	-	-	-	Alice West
Giftatory	-	-	-	-	Isabel MacLaren
Prophecy	-	-	-	-	Marie Herbert Marion Stuart Sarah Schuneman
Valedictory	-	-	-	-	Marie Maurer
Class Song	-	-	-	-	Alfred Browning



Charles McDonald Taylor
Chuck

*"A halo should attend his
efforts"*



Edna Marie Herbert
Herb

*"Ever precise, in promise
keeping"*



Harlan Murray Hungerford
Hunkie

*"His course is as straight as
his hair"*



Margaret Isabel MacLaren
Issie

*"Could Atlas carry burdens
more efficiently than she?"*

Albert Schofield Hogan

Al

*"I perceive Cuthbert's reddening
face beneath it's gar-
iture of curly gold"*

Maud Jones

Maunie

*"More sinnea against than
sinning"*

Gus Carlton Hill

Cart

*"A night owl and a wise bird,
too"*

Gertrude Alice Hall

Gert

*"My joy lies onward, my grief
behind"*





Merle Robert Ashley

Bugs

"What care I now fair she be?"

Eleanor Elizabeth Davis

"Deep versed in books"

William Charles Hill

Bill

*"A fellow of plain uncoined
constancy"*

Esther Aurilla Frost

*"If she will, she will you may
depend upon it"*

Harry Lyman Ross
Rossie

*"To talk, to laugh and write
is surely my delight"*

Katherine Helena Toft
Kats

"Brevity is the soul of wit"

Nina Thorne
Thornie

*"She confesses or denies
nothing"*

Lucille Sarah Campbell
Cilly

*"The noblest mind the best
contentment has"*





John Law Ross

Jack

*"My only books are ladies'
locks"*



Dorothy Elizabeth Holland

*"Her voice was ever soft,
gentle and low"*



Curtis Albert Chalfraft

*"The seriousness of his face
but reflects the deepness
of his thoughts"*



Millicent Frances Webster

Millie

*"Dull care and I do not
argue"*

Leland Taylor Summers
Bud

*"Most intricate mechanisms
are his delight"*

Jean Smith Marsden
Smittie

"Grace was in her every step"

Donald Bullock
Don

*"He strives with things
impossible"*

Gladys Wenona Lowe
H. B.

*"A face with gladness over
spread"*





Ruth Helen Sturmer
Betty

*"Her eyes darker than darkest
pansies"*



Harold Mark Richards
Richie

"They that laugh win"



Reta McJennet

"I've only done my duty"



Gladys Marjorie Adams
Gladie

*"She is not forward but gentle
as the dove"*

Alfred Allen Browning
Al

*"To be wise and love exceeds
man's might"*

Isabel Pearl Annas
Anna

*"To be merry best becomes
you"*

Ada Christina Maxwell
Peg

"Her eye discourses"

Beth Secard Elliott

*"Hope elevates and joy en-
lightens her crest"*





George Edward Norris
Short

*"What is the mainspring of
his existence?"*

Edna Louise Nern
Ed

"Blithe and merry"

Charles Roger Bonnett
Baldy

*"Life and love are as a game
of ball"*

Evelyn Margaret Jackson
Poods

"Care is a burden to life"

Frances Natalie Moore
Fran

*"Sacred and sweet was all we
saw in her"*



Albert Elliott Stevenson
Stevie

*"A good member of the
commonwealth"*



Olive Lillian McIntosh
Mack

"Severe upon occasion"



Marion Helen Stewart
Susie

*"An angel, if not, an earthly
paragon"*





Boniface Catherine Barrett
Bonnie

*"Were men but constant he
perfect"*



Ruth Lois Kennedy
Toots

*"And I ofter have heard de-
fended,
Little said is soonest
mended"*



James Wright Miller

*"He is complete in nature and
in mind
With all good grace to grace
a gentleman"*



Ruth Marie Little
Ruthie

*"Speech is great but silence
greater"*

Evelyn Elizabeth Welsh
Betty

*"Loveliness needs not the aid
of adornment"*

James Alfred Beresford
Jimmie

*"An honest man's the noblest
work of God"*

Alice Mae West
Westie

*"The gold of her heart shines
against the blackness of
her hair"*

Elizabeth Boyd Brown
Betty

*"Come and trip it as you go.
On the light fantastic toe"*





Dorothy French

*"There is no art to read
The mind's construction in
the face"*



Paul Brown

Brownie

"Small in stature only"



Miriam Lois Hardy

Muriam

"She never told her love"



Sarah Elizabeth Schuneman

Bill

*"A modest manner fits the
maid"*

Gordon Eugene Tappan
Gordie

*"As man convinced against his
will
Is of the same opinion still"*



Lillian Margaret Moak
Moakie

*"With a smile and pleasant
word she comes"*



Lloyd Reid

"He never says a foolish thing"



Etta Grace Stocks

*"Right noble is thy merit,
well I wot"*





Margaret Adeline Lymburner
Addy

*"With a piano I'll charm you
And with a smile I'll please"*



Irma Irene Morris
Cindy

"I give my thoughts no tongue"



Justine Rubenstein

"With grave aspect he rose"



Bessie May Isbister
Bess

*"She was ever fair and never
proud"*

Marie Orleane Maurer
Oui-Oui

*"She tastes the joy that springs
from labor"*

Margaret Ernestine Akers
Maggie

*"A creature fond, fair and
changing"*

William Brown Hartman
Bill

"I'm loved of all the ladies"

Alma Theresa McAulay

*"In maiden meditation, fancy
free"*





Lilly Hagle
"Deeds not words"



Beatrice Maud Isbister
Bee
*"For all that fair is, is by
nature good"*



John Alexander McCowan
Jake
*"For every why he had a
wherefore"*



Valdora Ruth Evans
Billy
*"Gently comes the world to
those
That are cast in gentle mold"*

Frederick Thompson Moore
Freddy

"Some achieve greatness"



Nan Marsden
Pash

*"Her smiling face makes sun-
shine in a shady place"*



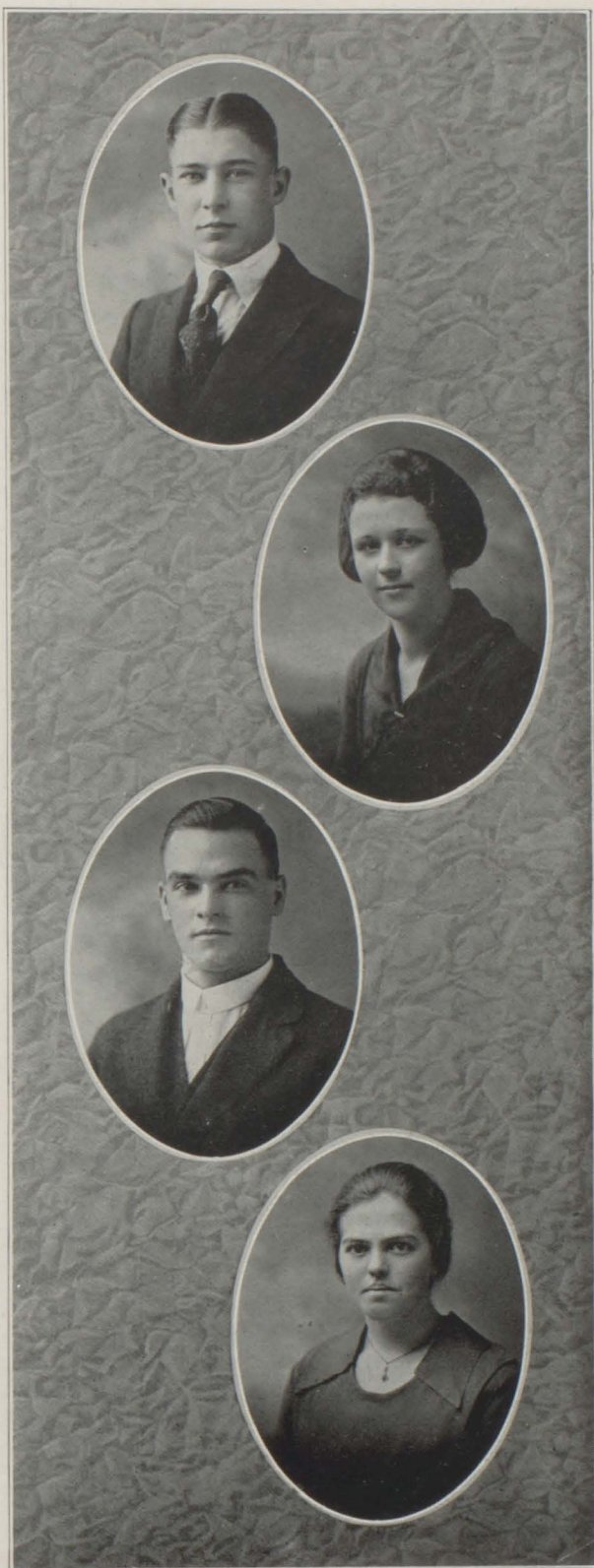
Harold Marcus Tibbets

"Seldom he smiles"



Helen Rachel Mitchell

*"Still runs the water where
the brook is deep"*





Bertrand Howard Baker
Bert

*"As proper a man as one
could meet"*



Lucille King
Lucy

*"I think it so because I
think it so"*



Arthur Frederick Taylor
Art

*"Fain would I climb but that
I fear to fall"*



Blanche Mildred Warren
Billy

*"Sweet promptings unto kind-
est deeds were in her
very looks"*

Eugene Rapelji Lewis
Doc

*"Beware the fury of a patient
man"*



Edith Louise Carlisle
Dete

*"A rose bud set with little
willful thorns
As sweet as English air could
make her"*



James Rudolph Ramsey
Jimmie

"A wise and worthy man"



Marjorie Louise Locke
Tubby

*"There's little of the melan-
choly element in her"*





Gladys Irene Hallman
"Gentleness is irresistible"



Harvey Harland
*"A stripling and a bachelor,
 too"*



Hazel Margaret VanTine
Katinka
*"If ladies be but young and fair
 They have the gift to know it"*



Muriel Lewis
Shorty
"To be good is out of fashion"

Marion Rosetta Soutar
Ted

*"A maiden never bold, of spirit
still and quiet"*

Bernice May Stewart
Slim

*"Thou art pleasant, gamesome,
passing, courteous"*



CLASS ROSTER

NAME	PET PHRASE	OCCUPATION	HOBBY	DESTINY
Ashley, Merle	Gea Whiz!	Walking the street	Encyclopedia	War Dept.
Baker, Bert	You're bad!	Bumming	Listening to jokes	Salt Block
Beresford, James	Say!	General Inspector	Hosiery ads.	Life Saver
Bonnett, Charles	Come on Guys!	Winking	Decorating	Middle of Lake
Brown, Paul	Aw Shut Up!	Times-Herald	Bossing	Street Cleaning
Browning, Alfred	Oh great guns!	Editor	Walking to school alone!	Stage Hand
Bullock, Donald	Horrors!	Motor Cycling	Cutting classes	Jazz Orchestra
Chalcraft, Curtis	Now you stop!	Art Editor	Walking	Gay Paris
Carlisle, Allan	Listen here!	Watching wheels go 'round	Criticizing	Lunatic Asylum
Hartman, William	Now Son!!	Enjoying himself	Chasing chickens	Solitary Confinement
Hill, Carlton	Oh gee!	Bossing things	Pretty girls	Senate
Hill, William	Well Say!	Jokes	Wimmin	Wall Street
Hogan, Albert	Some Jane!	Getting Ado	Freshmen	Seven Feet
Hungerford, Harlan	There's Pa!	Treasurer	Ungers	The "Office"
Lewis, Eugene	Where is She?	Sign Painter	Kelly & Bryant	Honolulu
Miller, James	Darn!	Doing Trig.	Girls	Missouri
Moore, Frederick	Rotten!	Playing Ball	Tattooing	Poor House
Norris, George	Cut it out!	Studying	Checkers	Deckerville Sheriff
Ramsey, James	Oh, Gee!	Presiding	Gassing	Supreme Court
Reid, Lloyd	It seems to me!	Debating	Jazz	Ministry
Richards, Harold	H—!	Eating	Canoeing	Law
Ross, Harry	Gosh!	Reading Novels	Grinning	Bean Pole
Ross, John	Good!	Telling Yarns	Reducing	Barbary Coast
Rubenstein, Justin	Uh! Uh!	Driving	Eating	New York
Summers, Taylor	Oh, rosy!	Riding	R. L.	South Park
Tappan, Gordon	Aw g'wan!	Business Mgr.	Argueing	Politician
Taylor, Arthur	Swell Party!	Sleeping	Bluffing	Vernon Castle II
Taylor, Charles	Now Listen!	Class President	Co-operation	Orchestra
Tibbits, Harold	Got a date!	Studying	Being naughty	Agricultural Dept.
Stevenson, Albert	Hey!	Groceries	New girls	Detroit
McCowan, Jack	Look me over!	Telling jokes	Good advice	Ash Heap
Adams, Gladys	My heart!	Chemistry	Wiggling her head	Ziegfeld Follies
Akers, Margaret	My cat!	Private Secretary	Writing letters	Happy Home
Annas, Isabel	Youse girls!	Parties	Stirring up trouble	Hollywood
Barrett, Bonnie	Oh! Bennett!	Dreaming	Dancing	Passing Show
Brown, Elizabeth	Oh! Gosh!	Swimming	Giggling	Mack Sennett
Campbell, Lucille	Oh! No!	Studying Latin	Observing	White House
Carlisle, Edith	Uhm-m-m!	Entertaining Ed.	Pretty Clothes	Sarnia
Evans, Ruth	Oh! Gee!	Taking Roll	Basket ball	First Aid
Elliott, Beth	Heck!	Taking Roll	Studying	School Marm
French, Dorothy	Nothing Doing!	Tending store	Driving Studebaker	Early Marriage
Hagle, Lillian	Heavens! No!	Bustling around	Math.	U. of M.
Hall, Gertrude	Gee! Whiz!	Looking Smart	Notes	Chem. Lab.
Hallman, Gladys	Say!	Going home	Visiting	New Yawk
Hardy, Miriam	Doggone it!	Looking up Althea	Sylvester's	Chauffeur
Herbert, Marie	Huh!	Secretary	Gadding	Kitchen
Holland, Dorothy	Oh! Frances!	Getting mad	Kittens	Kindergarten
Isbister, Bessie	Good night!	Raving	Acting	Poetess
Isbister, Beatrice	Huh!	Writing to Ann Arbor	Smiling	Montana
Jackson, Evelyn	What's eating yuh?	Eating	Frowning	Air Castles
Jones, Maud	Sure Mike!	Latin	Primping	Orphan Asylum
Kennedy, Ruth	Ding it!!	Being busy	Going to Detroit	Y. W. C. A.
King, Lucille	Come on girls!	Entertaining Jimmie	At Al's	Bone Factory
Lewis, Muriel	They say!	Star gazing	Curls	Heavenly Choir
Little, Ruth	Hurrah Boys!	Typewriting	Being noisy	Speaker
Locke, Marjorie	Ain't she a fool?	Drinking soda	Lakeside	Athletic Trainer
Lowe, Gladys	Pshaw!	Exchange Ed.	Dates	Spain
Lymburner, Adelyne	It's queer!	Glee Club	Shows	Music Teacher
Marsden, Jean	Oh! Gollies!	Vamping	Talking	Artists' Model
Marsden, Nan	Oh! Dandy!	Beating profiteers	Grinning	Angel (?)
Maxwell, Ada	Yuh bet!	Hoffmann's	Walking	Minister's Wife
Maurer, Marie	Dear me!	Alumni Ed.	Clothes	Cabaret
Mitchell, Helen	That's good!	Posing	Passing notes	Troy
Moak, Lillian	Oh! My dear!	Riding S. P. car	Reciting	Reno
Moore, Frances	All right!	Personal Ed.	Riding	Marysville
Morrie, Irma	Oh! Gravy!	Being good	Trilling	Detroit
McAuley, Alma	What the heck!	Teaching shorthand	Men	Harem
McIntosh, Olive	Get out!	Making eyes	The Bunch	Old Ladies' Home
MacLaren, Isabel	Curses!	Literary Ed.	Spending class dues	Hall of Fame
Nern, Edna	Hop in!	Giggling	Bareback riding	Taxi Driver
Schuneman, Sarah	Yes!	Reciting Brilliantly	Smiling	Rome
Soutar, Marian	I won't!	Skipping school	Powdering	Teaching in Marysville
Stewart, Marian	Not me!	Riding	Ponies	Sing-Sing
Stuart, Bernice	Good land!	Chewing gum	Acting	Stage
Sturmer, Ruth	Oh! Gad!	Society Ed.	Boots & Shoes	Hotel Manager
Toft, Katherine	Bugs!	Combing her hair	Skating	Follies of '45
Thorne, Nina	Now!	Picking thorns	Exams	Batch. Girl
VanTine, Hazel	Oh! Gosh!	Typing	Flirting	No Man's Land
Warren, Blanche	Oh! Darn it!	Chemistry	Making bottles for homeless corks	South Seas
Webster, Millicent	Oh! Shoot!	Writing notes	Parties	Home for the Homeless Cats
West, Alice	Listen dearie!	Writing	Cutting up	The Rockies
Welsh, Elizabeth	Oh! Darn!	Photography	Edsil	Egypt

IT'S ALL IN THE NAME:—

NorthruP
McCOllom
MilleR
BywaTer

Hilsinger
RUsh
MaRtin
McIntOsh
NaumaNn

Hayward
MIller
HunGerford
CHapin

KreSs
Carlisle
ScupHolm
WOodward
AndersOn
Lake

1920 CENSUS OF P. H. H. S.

Students enrolled	500	Growl over marks.....	412
Want a gym.....	470	Have cause	9
Want a date.....	25	Need excuses	128
Talk "Janes"	316	Have them	19
Have "Janes"	46	Wear old clothes.....	150
Go to the "office".....	27	Owe dues	23
Stay eighth hour.....	96	Expect to pay 'em.....	0
Think they're smart.....	300	Write notes	142
Are smart	12	Talk in class.....	500
Agree with teachers.....	6	Think this column is "rotten"	
Understand assignments	91	ALL BUT ONE	

Stern Father—"What time is it that you are getting in?"

Son—"About one o'clock."

Clock strikes three.

Father (sarcastically)—"My, how that clock stutters."

Tommy—"Pa, what is a football coach?"

Mr. Figg—"The ambulance, I should imagine."

"Papa, why do they call our language the 'mother tongue?'"

"Because the father so seldom gets a chance to use it."

Class Song

I Verse

The class of nineteen twenty is the class we cheer.
We know the time is nigh
When, with the knowledge we have gathered here
We will our fortunes try.
The strength we've gained from working hard,
Friendships and pleasures, too,
Will soon be used in some good way
In aid or service true.

II Verse

The class of nineteen twenty's motto's Loyalty.
Be loyal one and all.
We'll live up to our aims most royally
And never let them fall.
All coming years will bring to mind
The scenes so bright and gay,
And all past woes we leave behind
And step out on our way.

Chorus

There's a score as a part of our class's year.
We are four score strong in number,
There's a score we've made in studies here,
At our scores in life you'll wonder.

—A. BROWNING

The music for this song was composed by Adeline Lymburner, '20.

Senior Consul: Anyone found loitering or talking in the hall, their permanent excuses for Saturday will be forfeited.

A teacher once asked his class to prepare a practical paper on "The Result of Laziness," and received from one of his pupils a blank sheet of paper.

The girl proposed
Her luck was bad,
The chap referred her
To his dad.

Soph.—"Gee, that was a hot test."

H. Fenner—"Not for me. I got zero."

Disgusted Teacher—"What is your head for, anyway?"

Russell Wonderlic—"To keep my collar on."

JUNIOR





JUNIORS

President	-	-	-	-	Francis Appel
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	Frances Smith
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	George McInnis
Secretary	-	-	-	-	Eleanor Meisel
Class Advisors, Miss Woodward and Miss Blake					

Boys

Allen, Frank
 Allen, John
 Appel, Francis
 Armstrong, Harmon
 Barthow, Omar
 Beedon, Colborn
 Black, Eugene
 Conat, Charles
 Corsant, Jay
 De Graw, Kenneth
 Dimick, Eugene
 Fenner, Russel
 Hoffman, Edwin
 Holth, Carl
 Manuel, Guy
 McInnis, George
 Miller, Eldred
 Noel, Herbert
 Parsons, Edward
 Philp, Byron
 Ross, Donald
 Simms, Russel
 St. Denis, Paul
 Stocks, Eldon
 Stuart, Roy
 Taylor, Jack

Colville, Winnifred
 Dickinson, Viola
 Duck, Lillian
 Fox, Lillian
 Green, Dorris
 Gruel, Louise
 Hayman, Martha
 Hennigar, Beulah
 Hillock, Myrtle
 Holland, Frances
 ✓ Jenks, Helen
 ✓ Lee, Rosabel
 Ludy, Mildred
 McInnis, Mildred
 McKay, Gladys
 Marshall, Janet
 ✓ Meisel Eleanor
 Miller, Lila
 Moore, Ruth
 Orr, Dorothy
 Powell, Winifred
 Powrie, Nina
 ✓ Ryan, Jeanne
 Seagraves, Marion?
 ✓ Schell, Elaine
 Schroenrock, Florence
 Schuck, Ruth
 Sickles, Annabelle
 Smith, Frances
 Thorne, Grace
 VanValkenberg, Mary
 Warner, Mavis

Girls

Beckton, Josephine
 Berkeley, Thelma
 Black, Helen





SOPHOMORES

President	-	-	-	George Durand
Vice-President	-	-	-	Francina Fead
Secretary	-	-	-	Esther Pace
Treasurer	-	-	-	Frederick Sturmer
Sergeant-at-Arms	-	-	-	Mac Watterworth
Advisors	-	-	-	Misses Avery and Scupholm

Avery, Alex.	Hill, Omar
Baker, Fred	Hillock, Bessie
Baldwin, Ernest	Hoffman, Roland
Basney, Helen	Howard, Charles
Bigger, Mildred	Howard, John
Boardman, Marguerite	Howison, Lyle
Bond, Oscar	James, Julius
Bontrager, Ruby	Jefferson, Alberta
Brain, Alex.	Johnston, Harvey
✓ Branagan, Neva	Kerr, Lela
Briggs, Clare	Langtry, Bennett
Brogan, Francis	Loop, Wanda
Brothwell, Helen	MacAllister, Marjorie
Brotherton, Marion	MacDonald, Katherine
Brown, Gavin	MacIntosh, Gordon
✓ Cady, Eleanor	MacJenett, Hilda
Campbell, Jean	MacKenzie, Kenneth
Cascaden, Vera	MacManus, Elizabeth
Caulkett, Garnet	MacQueen, Mayme
Church, Kenneth	Magahay, Alice
Clement, Bable	Mason, Mable
Glendinning, Gladys	Maurer, Doris
✓ Collins, Mary	Minor, Joy
Cooper, Evelyn	Moore, Grant
Dains, Harold	Morris, Marguerite
Deering, Lenor	Mugavero, Franklin
Dewhirst, Mary	Myers, Alberta
DeWolf, Helen	Pace, Esther
Dillon, Thomas	✓ Philbrick, Katherine
Downs, Margaret	Phipps, Mary
Duffin, Esther	Pratt, Clare
Duff, William	Robbins, Bernidine
Dunkin, Zelda	Ryden, Corrine
Durand, George	Sawdon, Thelma
Eichorn, Eunice	Schnackenberg, Horace
Fead, Francina	Smith, Helen
Fenner, Harwood	Stanzell, Helen
Franklin, Virginia	St. Denis, Francis
Gallacher, Phylis	St. Denis, Lawrence
Garlick, Verna	Stevens, Hilda
Goddard, Ealga	Stevens, Marion
Godfrey, Mary	Stuart, Emly
Goshnick, Erma	Stuart, Helen
Graham, Marie	Thornton, Harold
Graziadei, Carmelia	Watson, James
Hall, Mary	Watterworth, Mac
Harper, Myrtle	Wright, Malcolm
Hazelton, Harold	Wulfmann, Eugene
Heeke, Orville	

FRESHMAN





FRESHMAN

Arnold, Evelyn	Marks, Bernice	Chasey, Walker
Ashley, Wilola	Martin, Dorothy	Cisky, Bennett
Atkins, Mary	May, Renata	Clemo, Clinton
Ballentine, Isabel	Moore, Leora	Cochrane, Harold
Beale, Eleanor	Moore, Natile	Congo, John
Bennaway, Anna	Morrow, Thelma	Cooper, Clare
Benedict, Nina	Nelson, Mary	Cornell, John
Benner, Iva	Nestell, Elveretta	Crouch, Gordon
Beresford, Lucille	Nolan, Bernice	Curtis, Andrew
Bourbonnais, Lillian	Norris, Ruth	Cuttle, Jack
Box, Thelma	Norton, Ruth	Davis, Chester
Brothwell, Mabel	O'Rourke, Mary	Dietrich, Elmer
Brown, Frances	Peters, Letta	Dodd, Charles
Burkholder, Leona	Phillips, Marjorie	Frost, Clarence
Burlingham, Joyce	Philps, Emily	Germain, Aberdeen
Burns, Irma	Pressprich, Gertrude	Goldman, Leo
Carey, Martha	Reed, Alberta	Graham, Lyman
Coggins, Alta	Roberts, Edna	Gravelin, Hazen
Conat, Velda	Robinson, Leona	Hall, Walter
Cowan, Isabella	Rosson, Hilda	Hardt, Paul
Cummings, Anna	Schleuter, Virginia	Harris, Frank
Dale, Ethel	Shafer, Frances	Heath, Charles
Davis, Myrtella	Shiland, Charlene	Kirsch, Frank
DeGraw, Doris	Smith, Florence	Kresin, William
Diefenderfer, Doratheia	Smith, Mildred	Lennox, George
Downs, Doris	Sperry, Rose	Lindsay, Emerson
Duval, Ruth	Sperry, Ruth	McCreight, William
Edwards, Norah	Stapleton, Leila	McElroy, Frederic
Eichhorn, Phyllis	Stein, Anna	McKay, William
Epstein, Maxine	Steiner, Christine	Mackay, Andrew
Fogal, Emily	Swain, Lorene	Martin, Ross
Frank, Margaret	Sweet, Nellie	Moak, Eugene
Frilay, Ruth	Thompson, Elizabeth	Moran, Hilton
Goslin, Ethel	Todd, Helen	Moore, Edward
Goslin, Opal	Travis, Ferne	Nelson, Russell
Graham, Valene	Turner, Faye	Newman, Harold
Gray, Kathleen	Waas, Sarah	Ottaway, John
Greene, Alma	Watson, Catherine	Peck, Kenneth
Haken, Bessie	Watson, Margaret	Pierce, Laurence
Hamlin, Quinneth	Wheaton, Gladys	Roach, Maurice
Hand, Margaret	Wheelihan, Myrtle	Robinson, Francis
Harbaugh, Selina	Winchester, Alta	Ronan, Fred
Harrison, Nina	Wulfmann, Dorothy	Ross, Hugh
Hastings, Vera	Zepezauer, Agnes	Ruddock, Lewis
Henniger, Lillian	Allen, Russell	Setter, Kenneth
Howse, Pansy	Andrews, George	Sickles, George
Huntley, Frances	Annas, Herbert	Simms, Leonard
Hyde, Frances	Baer, Waldo	Smith, Cyril
James, Anna	Baker, Arthur	Smith, Wellman
Jones, Grace	Ballentine, Frederic	Spring, Edsil
Kaiser, Thelma	Beach, Warren	Paul, Soini
Kitchen, Hazel	Beamer, Jack	Stewart, John
Klumpp, Millie	Boadway, Harold	Stover, William
Laidlaw, Gertrude	Boadway, Raymond	Tuer, Ralph
Laird, Jeanne	Briggs, Roy	Wargowsky, Fred
McCowan, Gabel	Brown, Mernie	Weigand, Arlington
McCreight, Helen	Campbell, Angus	Williams, LaVerne
McDonald, Jennie	Carlisle, Kenneth	Wonderlic, Russell
McKay, Mary	Cascadden, Fred	Zemmer, Adrian
Manuel, Dorothy	Charlton, Malcolm	

Class of 1923

Colors—Blue and Gold

OFFICERS

First Semester

President	-	-	-	Russell Wonderlic
Vice-President	-	-	-	Jean Laird
Secretary	-	-	-	Doris DeGraw
Treasurer	-	-	-	John Ottaway

Second Semester

President	-	-	-	Louis Weil
Vice-President	-	-	-	Mary McKay
Secretary	-	-	-	Irma Burns
Treasurer	-	-	-	Hugh Ross
Advisor	-	-	-	Miss Carlisle

Freshman School Spirit

A successful Freshman class is a school's greatest asset. It is the building material for four years, and the life of the school during that time depends upon the spirit and ideals which have been developed during the first year. The class of 1923 came into Port Huron High School in September from various schools in the city and rural districts. It has been the work of our teachers to make out of us a loyal bunch of students who shall be able to uphold the honor of the Red and White. We trust we have a good foundation.

The school spirit of the class of 1923 has been the best ever. We have gone "Over the Top" in every school project and in our scholarship. We have cooperated gladly in all the plans the Seniors have worked out and are very happy because of our pleasant relations with them. We wish them great success as they leave Port Huron High School and will ask them to keep an eye on the Class of 1923 and watch us grow.

RUSSELL WONDERLIC, Pres. '23.

Wanted—A seamstress. One with experience in tailoring preferred—John Ottaway.

Wanted—A good stock of new excuses.—Jack Cuttle.

Little acts of mischief
Little words of sass,
All put together
Make up the Freshman class.

"JUNE AS A FRESHMAN SEES IT"

Why is a day in June so rare,
Is it because the breezes blow
And carry the fragrance of blooms
On the cherry tree like snow?

Or is it because the roses bloom,
Or the bees hum in the clover
Or is it the golden weather
That gives you the soul of a rover?

Is it the thought of days to come
And the joy that each one brings
That fills you with a happiness
'Till your heart just fairly sings?

No, 'tis not one of all these
But because you've followed the rule,
Tried so hard, your teachers to please
And finished one whole year of school.

V. RUTH EVANS '20.

Miss Ross to Eleanor Beale, in sewing—"Eleanor come here, I'll cut your neck out."

Leonard Sims listening to Civics instruction—"What Miss Carlisle is saying goes in one ear and out the other."

Russell Wonderlic—"Well, what is there to stop it?"

Allen Carlisle, coming home from hunting, yells at a young colored youngster, "Here you blankety blank *?! little coon, get away from those guns."

Colored Kid—"See heah mista white man, doan yo' call me no names—my name is Ahenah Jackson Carlisle."

L. King—"In what course do you expect to graduate?"

D. Deal—"Why, in course of time, I suppose."

Miss Kress—"Why do words have roots?"

Russell Simms—"So the language can grow, I guess."

"Bill: "Say, you always seem to have good looking office girls. Where do you find them?"

Bud: "Usually, in the rear office arranging their hair."

Miss Rush: "Upon whom does the Constitution say that the duties of the Presidency shall fall in case of the disability of the President?"

Edw. Parsons: "Upon his wife, I think."



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

There are all sorts of goals in life. One person wants to be President, a few want to be millionaires, and lots have other ambitions. For gaining each goal there is a reward—Success. What is success? It can not be measured in dollars and cents. It surely is not the achieving of Fame—nor yet the realization of our dreams. For man daily watches the growth of his ideals, and, the fulfillment of his wishes, only to cast them aside, for some higher, better goal. Success comes with doing the work set before us and doing it well, who does the best his circumstance allows, does well, acts nobly—angels could do no more. Climbing steadily up the long ladder of life, one rung at a time surmounting the difficulties and turning neither from your purpose or conception of right you will truly reach the goal and gain the great reward—Success.

May Success attend each and every member of the class of nineteen twenty.

CHARLES TAYLOR.

HIGH SCHOOL COLONY (1916-1920)

Colony Founded 1916

In the year 1916 a sturdy band of Indian colonists from Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln Islands went forth in search of new lands and experiences, some for the novelty of the thing, others (although in the minority) with a more serious purpose in view. They in company with other settlers coming from the distant land, South Park; settled on a beautiful spot near Black River, Michigan—now a bustling, lively High School—and founded a settlement, known as Freshmen. Though of a rather barbarous and boisterous character, the company was received kindly by the natives, land in A. H. being allotted to them. Rules and regulations were soon drawn up and at their head they placed as Governor, Vance Sickles, not being willing to recognize the authority of the native ruler, Miss Lakin. Coming from such a distinctly different atmosphere, as they did, the manners and customs of the people were rather bewildering, putting it very mildly.

Growth and Importance

In the year 1917 new settlers arrived, increasing the population of the

settlement, so that it might be termed the village of Sophomores. Up to this time no new land had been acquired. Now towards the end of the year 1917 other regions were added to the village, obtained through the energy and forethought of the band. On the land newly acquired a new village was built—A. H. being practically given over to the natives, on the condition that it might be used by them if the occasion should arise. A few battles were fought which forever established the fact that the Sophomores were an independent colony and somewhat subdued the impudence and arrogance of neighboring tribes. During this period, the settlement expanded both politically and educationally. A movement was started agitating self-government, which was begun when Eugene Lewis held the governmental chair. Although, since the people were unprepared for such an advanced step, and in the end failed, still it showed an advancement in democracy.

At an early date, it was quite evident that the village contained persons of genius. A christmas play, in which Eugene Lewis, Isabel Annas, and others, figured prominently, was staged in the town-hall, and was considered a great success.

Times of Progress—1919

So expanded and grown, the village soon assumed the appearance of a good-sized town, the honor of the governmental office, being bestowed upon Albert Hogan. Their advancement and progress naturally excited jealousy, and not a few skirmishes. Especially was this so with the tribe to the South of them. This tribe nursed various grievances against the Juniors, which the rapidly progressing town was now called. Indignation against these upstarts smouldered on, deep within them. However, since not enough "pep" and courage was exhibited by their adherents, the Juniors plodded steadily on, and were the life and spirit of the whole region. Tribal shouts and yells were instituted by them, far excelling those of any of the other tribes.

A trivial affair occurred during this year, which further estranged the two tribes. It had been the custom of the squaws of the opposing tribe to wear their hair in a long braid, sometime during the year, a custom claimed as their prerogative. However, the privilege was usurped by the Juniors, maddening and infuriating them, on this account. The whole affair was a very trivial incident, but it brought the Juniors into the lime light, revealing their "pep," spunk and initiative. Throughout the whole period between 1916-1919 one can see a gradual and steady progress along all lines.

Seniors!

The place which had been the little village of Freshman is now a city metropolis. The result polled at the last election proclaimed Charles Taylor, Mayor of the City and Isabel MacLaren his assistant. This last statement shows the progress made politically, inasmuch as Woman Suffrage had been obtained.

Under the auspices of the Senior Council, new traffic regulations were established. Through the efforts of this same organization, self government was again tried, and because of the splendid cooperation of all concerned, proved a success.

One must not think that the social side of life was being neglected. Far be it from such. The annual Senior-Freshman party was held, at which all

the Indian Chiefs and squaws arrived, attired in gala attire. In honor of the athletic heroes of the city, a Basket Ball banquet was given. Honoring these same popular young gentlemen community meetings were staged in the City Auditorium, at which the long pent up and warlike spirit of the tribe was at last given vent. For as natives of the city, Seniors, one must restrain one's more natural feelings and emotions and present the appearance of being civilized, dignified, and all the other "feds."

MAUD JONES.

CLASS WILL

We, the members of the Senior Class, being sound of mind and memory, and mindful of the uncertainties of life, do hereby make, publish and declare the following to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking any and all wills or codicils to the same by us heretofore made:

1. To the Junior Class, we do dedicate the inspiring view from the south windows of the Senior room.
2. To Miss Rush we bequeath our short (?) outside reports and history note books.
3. To the school in general, we leave our yellow slips, fake excuses and our battle horses to be distributed as they see fit.
4. To Carl Holth and Francis Appel, we bequeath the duties of the Senior Council.
5. To Mr. Hungerford, we leave Marjorie Locke's Herpecide.
6. To Phyllis Turnbull, we do dedicate Margaret Aker's height.
7. To Ed. Moore, we dedicate Marie Maurer's marks.
8. To Mr. Lake—Harold Richards camels.
9. To Elaine Schell—Albert Hogan's ability as yell-master, also his blush.
10. To Jack Taylor—Charles Taylor's girl friends.
11. To Bernadine Robbins—Alice West's ability as typist.
12. To Harold Dains—Arthur Taylor's spats.
13. To Bill Duff, Thomas Dillon and Bennett Langtry—any stray diplomas, which we may have left in our lockers.
14. To Frank Allen—Mariam Hardy's Canteen Bucket.
15. To Florence Smith, Ruth Sturmer leaves Harwood Fenner.
16. To Miss Kilby—the typewriter in the Library.
17. To Gladys McKay—Nan Marsden's (few?) Chemistry tools.
18. To Roy Stuart—Harlan Hungerford's freshman girl friends.
19. To John Ottaway—Bill Hartman's ability to bluff.
20. To Ruth Norton—all the dictionaries in the entire school.
- 21.—To Frederick Sturmer—Jack McCowan's love for studying.
22. To John Howard—Harold Tibbit's collar button and neck-tie.
23. To Eleanor Meisel—Margaret Aker's soothing voice.
24. To Miss Carlisle—The Senior Council.
25. To Mr. Davis—Marion Soutar's Pep.
26. To Esther Duffin—Elizabeth Welsh's cranky disposition.
27. To Eleanor Cady—Jean Marsden's rouge box.

28. To Mrs. Halstead and Mr. Sweitzer—our waste-basket's full of knowledge.

Signed with invisible ink in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty in the High School Library or so-called Senior Social Parlour.

Signed: SENIOR CLASS OF 1920.

Witnesses: Mayor of Marysville,
Deputy Constable of Jeddo.

OUR DAILY BREAD

You are made of milk and sugar,
And frozen hard with ice;
We eat you very often
And we think you very nice.

At 3:15 when we rush in
And "Al," we do not spy
We gaze around with vacant grin,
Then out again we fly.

A little later in the day
We find "Al" at his duty.
"What have you got that's good?" we say,
Um-m-m! Tootie-Frootie, Frooty-Tootie.

He dishes up a great big scoop,
And on it puts the trimmin'
We grab a shovel, then fall to,
And eat like wild, wild wimmin.

NAN & MARJORIE. (Incorp.)

Miss Carlisle: "How do bees dispose of their honey?"

R. Wonderlick: "They cell it."

We have noticed that Marguerite Morris and Joyce Burlingham have taken up the study of "Art."

Poets are not the only persons who have Longfellows. Ask Al. Hogan.

Mr. Smith: "If the earth rotated 17 times as fast as it does nobody would weigh anything."

E. Welsh: "That would be fine."

Aint it funny? You take a girl to a dance and walk her around backwards for ten minutes and she thanks you.

Try taking her out for a walk and ask her to walk backwards for ten min. What would she say?

Prophecy of 1920 Class

As I sat by the sea-shore watching the foaming billows, the incoming and outgoing tide, I became as it were in a dream and saw in the distance a small dark object on the crest. I watched until the waves tossed it at my feet; and found to my surprise, a small black case with a tiny pad lock. I tried to open it, but alas! it was locked. After turning the box over I discovered a tiny key fastened by a gold thread to one of the hinges. Eagerly, I broke the thread, placed the key in the lock and lo! it opened as by magic touch. Inside lay a folded manuscript, yellow with age, and to my astonishment, I read the names of my class-mates and myself, who had graduated from Port Huron High School in 1920.

Anxiously, I peered into the contents and found that **Alfred Browning**, who was very successful in plays during his school life, was now a great actor, using his melodious voice for the benefit of the people throughout the United States, as some of his favorite selections have been reproduced by the Edison Victrola Company and are travelling over the land. **Lloyd Reid**, our great authority on Parliamentary Law is now the greatest senator in U. S. Congress, speaking in defense of the people. **Isabel MacLaren**, now Mrs. Chalcraft, who with her husband **Curtis Chalcraft** is traveling abroad. Mr. Chalcraft has been studying sculptoring in Venice and Rome, and has made a great impression upon the world by his wonderful statue 'Paradise Lost' with apologies to Milton. **Beth Elliot** is now conducting a kindergarten school in Boston, Massachusetts. Owing to her love of children, she is making a great success in child-training. **Harold Tibbits**, our quiet and sedate member is now a fancy toe-dancer in New York City, earning hundreds of dollars daily while teaching dancing lessons. **Blanche Warren** is recuperating in the Sanatorium at Battle Creek from a nervous break-down caused by teaching Latin for 18 years at Ann Arbor. (We thought she always studied too hard). **Gordon Tappan** is dean of a noted school in Washington, D. C., noted for debating and argumentation. Owing to his love of arguing in Senior Class meetings, we know the school is well instructed in this particular art. **Lilly Hagle**, very bashful and quiet, as we thought, surprised everyone by being quietly married on the 20th day of June, 1920. **Frederick Moore** is still winning honors in the athletic fields throughout the country. He is married and is the proud father of an 8 year old boy, who is a promising athlete. He sure was some player! **Marion Soutar** has a small school where she instructs young girls in the rudiments of sewing according to the system taught by Miss Ross. We always thought she would follow in Miss Ross's foot-steps. **Ada Maxwell** is teaching piano lessons in the Conservatory of Music, Oberlin, Ohio. Since we last saw Peggy she has studied at Ann Arbor, Paris and London. **Nan Marsden** has greatly reformed and is a missionary in the dark jungles of Africa—under the direction of the Inter-world Church Movement. **James Beresford**, after graduating, entered Cornell and is now Professor of the Engineering Course at that college. **Arthur Taylor**, who made a practice of wearing 'spats' throughout his High School career, is now director of the Buffalo Bill Circus. **Adeline Lymburner**, Eve-

lyn Jackson and Olive McIntosh are now travelling with the Chautauqua. Adeline is leading pianist, composing her own music, while Evelyn and Olive are world-known singers. Margaret Akers, now Mrs. Mueller, is residing in Florida. They have been married some 10 years and are enjoying life immensely. Harvey Harland, our refined Sunday-school lad, is now in the ministry, preaching eloquent sermons in the Woodward Avenue Baptist Church, Detroit. Alma McAuley and Ruth Kennedy are chief Stenographers in the Capitol at Washington, making a world record by being able to take 200 words per minute. Muriel Lewis, now proprietor of Cochrane's Chain Stores with Eleanor Davis as Private Secretary. They are making fine profits. Albert Hogan, yell-master, who is married to a Freshman, is choir director of the St. Paul's Cathedral in London, My, how he can make that choir sing! Jean Marsden and Marjorie Locke are on the stage. They have travelled throughout the larger cities of the U. S. and are very popular actresses. James Ramsey is Supreme Court Judge at Washington, having started his profession in the Senior Council. Harlan Hungerford is now leader of the most noted orchestra in the United States. He has the ability of playing any instrument in the orchestra. Gladys Lowe is teaching Spanish in Detroit Northwestern High School. While travelling in Spain she gained noted popularity with the leaders of that country. Lucille Campbell is head nurse at Harper's Hospital, having entered that profession immediately after her graduation. Elizabeth Welsh and Gertrude Hall are operating in Port Huron, one of the largest flower stores in existence. They have a fine tea-room in connection and are reaping good returns from their investment. Paul Brown is a great violinist in Chicago. The people for miles around come to hear this wonderful player. William Hill is the leading comedian of the world. He has published several popular Joke Books which are being used throughout the country. Esther Frost and Gladys Adams organized a new system of ladies' work in machinery and have patented two very badly needed assets in the boiler-room of the local Match factory. Justin Rubenstein and James Miller, having been disappointed in love, are practicing law as bachelors. Poor boys! Etta Stocks has lost all her bashfulness and is happily married to a young doctor of Sarnia, Ont. Dorothy Holland and Gladys Hallman are doing settlement work in New York City, under the direction of Hazel Van Tine, the noted lady minister of our country. Albert Stevenson is a retired wealthy man, reaping his profits from an invention completed shortly after commencement. Reta McJennett is one of our members who has gone into public speaking for a vocation, because of her love of debating. Maud Jones, because of her dignity and stateliness, is Dean of a large private college for girls which is now the most exclusive of western schools. Bonnie Barrett and Elizabeth Brown since the graduation have been spending their time and money in a dress reform for High School Students. Helen Mitchell, our bold masculine type is one of the woman candidates for the coming presidential election. Harry Ross has become a wonderful poet, especially among the young ladies, because of his art of writing 'Serenades.' Ruth Evans is now happily married to a young man whom she nursed while at some large distinguished hospital in New York City. Eugene Lewis has given all business and social activities up and is spending his time in writing. His most valued book for High School students is "The Art of Bluffing and

How It Is Done." **George Norris** is professor of physics in Chicago University. **Edith Carlisle** is happily married to her old friend whom you all remember and is president of the Suffragettes and leads all the women's parades while her husband cares for the children. **Isabel Annas** is teaching in a little country school. She is still as dignified and bashful as the little girl of 1920. **Ruth Little** and **Katherine Toft** are the leaders of a large Rolling-Pin factory and are making large sales of this necessity to the girl graduates of their own class. **Charles Taylor** is now a retired millionaire, having made his fortune five years after graduation, by patenting a tiny article of mechanism by which students can whisper to one another without disturbing the teachers. My, how he loved to talk. **Beatrice Isbister** graduated from an Engineering Course at U. of M. and intended to remain independant, but her engagement to a 1916 graduate has just been published. **Marion Stewart** and **Sarah Schuneman**, graduated from Ann Arbor with honors, without studying a thing. This was not a hard task as we remember their great dislike for studying. **Edna Nern** is now performing in Hagenbeck Circus as the slimmest lady in the world. She has always liked to perform. **Harold Richards** is a second Sherlock Holmes, and is doing detective work throughout the whole United States. **Millicent Webster** is queen of all movie stars and plays in all important American cities. **Bernice Stuart** has also chosen the screen for her vocation and plays the part of domestic in all real good plays. **William Hartman** is the highest paid living model in 'Higer's Big Store' and is rapidly accumulating his riches. **Frances Moore** is teaching at U. of M. Life was cruel to Frances, having lost her fiance about a year after graduating. She has scarcely glanced at a man since. **Donald Bullock** is leading acrobat in Barnum-Bailey Circus Performers. **Dorothy French** is a leader of community singing in the city of Detroit. She is enjoying comfortable home life and luxuries. **Carlton Hill** is now Supreme Court Justice, having started his career in the Senior Council Trials. **Marie Herbert**, now Mrs. Marlette is helping her husband in his settlement work in the city of Los Angeles. **Lillian Moak** travels through the country as a comedian elocutionist and draws marvellous crowds to hear her. **Dudley Field** entered political life and is now President of the United States with **Nina Thorne** as the first lady Vice-President. **Bessie Isbister** is mayor of the large city of Port Huron. Its population has increased until it is greater than that of Detroit. **Irma Morris** is in the musical department of the theatrical world but is wearing a diamond solitaire on the third finger of her left hand. **Marie Maurer** and **Taylor Summers** have been in France since their graduation. Marie studied French literature and is teaching, while Taylor has become a prominent sculptor. **Charles Bonnett** followed in the steps of Billy Sunday and is a world-known baseball evangelist having had successful campaigns throughout the world. Some change, eh! **Ruth Sturmer**, now Mrs. Fenner has made fine use of the Domestic Art which she studied at Ward-Belmont. Harwood declares she is the best cook ever.

As I stood thinking of the different destinies of my former classmates, the wind came in a gush and whirled the paper through the air and it was seen no more. I stooped to pick up the mysterious box, and I began falling, falling, falling,—it was only a dream, but I am thankful to the waves for bringing it to me.

ALICE WEST '20.

PRIVATE JONES

I used to boss him in the store,
And oversee his work,
For I had charge of one whole floor,
And he was just a clerk.
Today, its different, if you please,
We've changed perspective pegs,
I'm private in the ranks,—and he's
Got stripes adown his legs.

The girls whose smiles were once for me
Now scarce give me a glance,
What great attraction can they see
In decorated pants?
The erstwhile clerk, no longer my
Indulgence humble begs,
I'm down below. He's up on high,
With stripes adown his legs.

It's Private Jones, do this and that,
In haste I must bestir;
To Jenkins on whom I've often sat,
I'm forced to answer, "sir!"
One born to rule its come to pass,
Of work, I drink the dregs,—
I'm in the army, with alas!
No stripes adown my legs.

H. L. ROSS, '20.

ELECTION

Class Chauffeur—Edwin Hoffman.
Favorite Comedian—Harvey Harland.
Best Bluffer—Marie Maurer.
Athlete—Justin Rubenstein.
Best Known Giggler—Edna Nern.
Busiest—Arthur Taylor.
Senior Nuisance—Alfred Browning.
Bad Boy—James Miller.
Teacher's Pet—Nan Marsden.
Meekest—Gordon Tappan.
Least Appreciated—Charles Taylor.
Class Grind—Jack McCowan.
Best Looking Boy—Lloyd Reid.
Most Conceited—Albert Hogan.
Best Dancer—Charles Taylor.
Most Popular—Harold Tibbits.
Class Babies—Lillian Moak, Edna Nern.
Crankiest—Ruth Sturmer.
Punctual—Doris Deal.
Chief Fusser—Lilly Hagle.



STUMPED



WILD ROSE



OUR CAR



SARNIA BUMS



CAPIN



'DUKE'



GANG



OUR MARGARET



PATTIES



LAB!



CORNERED



BABES IN THE WOOD.



SOME FIT

SOME FIT

Play the Game Squarely

It was evening. In the mountains of the far-off west it was a wonderful night. The moon was just rising above the horizon and here and there in the sky a few stars twinkled. In a clearing by a bubbling spring sat a young man staring at his camp fire. Near him was his tent and camp paraphernalia while close by two horses were grazing in the long grass. All was peace. Ah! but the young man's mind was in a tumult. He was deciding a question, an important question.

Jack Vail was an engineer. Two years had passed since a large mining company had first employed him and just one month ago he had been sent on a mission. But when he started he knew what the verdict must be when he returned.

For some time it had been suspected that gold was to be found on the Morgan mountain. His chief had sent him forth to take an estimate of the value of the metal and his report was to be—"No good." The land was owned by James Morgan and if he suspected that his property was so valuable, he would not sell.

For this verdict Jack was to become one of the chief engineers of a mining company in South America. His position rested on his decision. Self-respect or—, oh hang it, why should anyone take time to decide anything so one-sided but yet—and so his thoughts ran on.

Mrs. Morgan had been more than kind. Old Jim had pulled him from beneath a sliding stone, and they had taken care of Max, his bull dog, when he had been hurt. Also, so ran his trend of thought, the lot of the Morgan family had been hard. Year after year they had held out against poverty, always giving aid to others. Yes, and what about Morgan's dream of a ranch in the valley, the proposed education of the daughter and the cure for the war shocked son.

Again, there was this to be thought of. His position-to-be was one of importance—he could show his brothers and sisters that it was in him to make good. Added to this he would have wealth, position and respect. His name would become an honored one.

While weighing this problem Jack had stretched himself on the ground in the shadows. For a while he listened to the night sounds and then he heard a bell,—no—yes, he did. Again it sounded. Greatly amazed Jack Vail looked around. Why, he was in school. Row after row of boys and girls filled the Auditorium. On the platform stood a man. He was pleading for the support of the school. Then the man turned to a line of boys who stood apart from the others and said: "Play the game squarely boys, whether we win or lose."

Just then Jack stirred and muttered, "You can just bet that we'll win." Picture after picture floated before his mental vision but none satisfied the dreamer.

The young man struggled to a sitting position and looked around. Again he was amazed. Why, where was he? Slowly memory asserted itself. The dream still seemed real and his thoughts flew back to his home. Jack heard

his father say, "My son, remember that your mother expects you to do your best, do it as a man as though she was here."

The next day Jack spoke to an assembly of men. The engineer told of the wealth of gold found on the mountain. After this session Mr. Morgan thanked him again and again. How his heart did swell and expand to overflowing.

Again it was evening. But this time Jack Vail was at the Morgan home, surrounded by love and happiness. In the midst of this joy a knock sounded at the door and upon opening the screen the man of Jack's thoughts was discovered standing there. It was the President of the Mining Company.

This is what he said, "Good work, Vail; I'm proud of you. It seems that you have absorbed the slogan, Do it well and do it fairly." But Jack replied, "Not altogether that for I have just—." Here his voice trailed off as he met the eyes of Janice Morgan. And this is what he murmured, "Pray, God, may I always play the game squarely."

GLADYS LOWE.

In English Eight Class

Poets have written long and voluminously on the pleasing subject of "From My Study Windows," and similar pleasing topics. We must expect this. Poets must give vent to their pent up emotions. Their poetry is even nice to read if you have nothing else to do. But horrors! Don't believe any of the wild and airy remarks. They are quite too old fashioned with their insinuations that scenery influences the mind and thoughts.

Port Huronites realize this and therefore understand that to look from the High School windows on something pleasant would seriously injure our well-being.

Especially in English class is this true. If instead of the well known scene we now see we should see a lovely park what would happen? Possibly it might be an ideal spot for recreation from school hours. A nicely sloping lawn leading to the river, with wide paths flanked on either side by sweeping trees would be scattered through it. Perhaps at one end would be a tennis court and at the other well constructed steps leading to the bridge. It is greatly feared that the High School students could never survive the shock with all inspiration for future brilliant remarks in class gone.

Instead of the above mentioned dream we see the dump-yard stretching gracefully out over the landscape, and the muddy river with its boat sirens like fog horns. In the foreground it is a beautifully inspiring billboard upon which marvelous creatures in charming attitudes and gorgeous creations are pictured. One wonders if "chaw-well" tobacco is as good as it looks and if it is possible to eat "two-in-one" bread. Nothing could give a more wonderful scope to the imagination than this scene. We dream on.

"Miss——will give a summary of the chapter we have just discussed."

"Oh!"

GLADYS ADAMS, '20.

Curlers

It all happened because of the wretched hair curlers. He never realized it but it was so. Billy, the lofty athlete and avoider of girls, had been captured because of West Electric Hair Curlers. Betty who realized it groaned at the thought and jealously guarded the secret from inquisitive but well meaning friends.

It was afternoon and time for punctual persons to be in their session rooms. Hurried footsteps ascended the stairs—a pair of anxious eyes hopefully searched the hall for signs of life and the silence of the five-minute period before classes, smote the straining ears of—Betty. Hastily she jammed various packages into her locker, one of which fell unnoticed to the floor. At the same moment the mildly interested eyes of Billy, who chanced along upon an errand, spied the yellow cardboard upon the floor. He hesitated—but in a moment she had passed into the room. Indifferently he picked it up—the classes were already passing—with a startled exclamation he read the inscription and guiltily stuffed the card into his pocket.

Afternoon and a study room found Billy staring vacantly into space. His seatmate and sometime crony with friendly assurance began to search Billy's pocket for an erasure. The search was halted by the appearance of the fateful yellow card, this friend's eyes grew round and wide. But Billy turned at the critical moment. What a sight unfolded before his horrified eyes! The yellow card was being held up for the amusement of other friends and a mocking voice across the aisle enquired if Billy were going in for marcelles. At this insinuation of effemininity, Billy growled an unintelligible reply, which was received with delight by the scoffers.

The innocent cause of this, her attention attracted by loud whispers and snickering looked back and took in the scene with a glance. By some intuition or thought the meaning of the lost card became plain to her and as Betty's eyes met Billy's, he braced himself to meet the ridicule of the boy's boldly.

Three fifteen! There was a scurrying to and fro in the hall, groups of chattering boys and girls formed, others dissolved calling back a forgotten bit of interest. One couple especially came under notice and received here and there a stare or whispered word. This boy handed the girl a yellow card which she blushing placed in her books. If one had been standing near enough he would have heard—"and when the classes were passing I didn't know what to do, so I just put those curlers in my pocket, intending to return them later. Say, Betty, may I walk home with you, then I can tell you the rest?"

Friends and acquaintances stared and wondered. Was this Billy the lofty athlete, the avoider of girls who now walked out with one, tucking her books under his arm and smiling down tenderly upon her?

MILLICENT WEBSTER, '20.

C. Hill—"Have you ever noticed how often you say "And so on, and so on?"

N. Marsden—"Oh, yes, but it never applies to buttons."

A Challenge

Something for our 1920 Student, it must be quite worth while,
For every boy and girl will read and pass it with a smile.
We need's must all be cheerful as our High School days go by,
For days will come and days will go, but none like these we'll ever know.
Only one "teen" age can be ours, the joys of life to ebb and flow,
On billows deep we never glide, in shallow streams we love to row.
Life's far too short to grieve and pine because things don't fall right in line,
Well, never mind, we'll better know, when we have older and much wiser
grown.

We feel quite sure our thoughts will change as in the great wide world we
enter.

But one thing true we all must do, that's find our job and on that all our
thoughts to center.

Our dear advisors have wisely woven threads of gold into memory's chain,
And quickened into life a thought, but for them, might have dormant lain.
We thought them harsh, sometimes we didn't reason,
But then we guess it is just our season. We're in the springtimes of our life,
All buds must bloom, then blossom out in all their glory.
So we will forward go, our task to meet.

With a happy smile each day we'll say, "I never went before this way,
Of it I must make the very best of any day in all my quest."
If we from our High School days go forth, with no ambitions more than fun,
We'll find our lives in great neglect. Our journey has but just begun,
We have but one life that God has given, the best of it to make let's strive,
And if we do—we'll find this world is not all dead—but much alive.
To higher planes we may aspire, to noble fields let each go forth,
The world needs **men** and **women** plenty,
Let's all make good, O Class of "1920."

—ADELINE LYMBURNER.

THE PSALM OF DEATH (Apologies)

Tell me not, O weary Seniors
As you pass the school house door;
That you seem not to have been years
On that dreadful twelfth grade floor.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And an "A" was made the goal.
Flunk thou must and there remainst
If absent when they call the roll.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Can a Senior e'er foretell;

But let him skip a class tomorrow,
And the teacher give him——well.

Teachers prim, strict, unfeeling,
Tho' our hearts be stout and brave,
Give us theorems, send us reeling
Off to Caesar and our grave.

In the great disheartening schoolroom,
In the constant daily strife,
Be not like those verdant freshmen—
Be a Senior full of life.

Trust not teachers, how e'er pleasant,
May her smiling visage be.
She just waits till you're not present
Then delights to mark you "D."

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We can learn to squander time,
And departing leave behind us
Initials cut in every line.

Initials that perhaps a freshman,
Seeing them may imitate,
And when caught by some instructor
Suffer a more dreadful fate.

Let us then be up and going,
Thankful to no longer wait,
And if you find us round a'crowing
It's because we graduate.

D. G. W., '20.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME"

Is Dorothy French?
Who is Charles' Taylor?
Is Evelyn Jack ('s) son?
Why is Miriam Hardy?
How can Bonnie Barret?
Has Harlan Hung (a) Ford?
Did Mr. Hil-sing-er a song?
Is Ruth Little?
Can Lloyd Reid?
Why is Elizabeth Brown?
How did Adeline Lym-burn-er finger?
Marjorie Locke the door.
Is Gladys Adam's wife?
Who sent Alice West?
Is Katherine Toft?

E. DAVIS.

The Doughboy and the Doughnut

It was October. In the northern part of France there is mud and water everywhere.

To Private Wm. H. Jones A. E. F. this mud was unendurable. For a whole week he and several others had been waiting in the reserve trenches. This does not mean that they were out of danger but rather where they might at any moment be shelled and that without the satisfaction of a few return shots. They were attempting to live in thick, undryable mud. So you may understand why they were disgusted with the army. But Jones had other troubles. Quite frequently one of the Salvation Army Girls came and urged him to "try a doughnut." It happened that Private Jones had two great dislikes. First, he almost feared any woman and second, he abhorred doughnuts. The reason for the first is unexplainable. For the second his dislike was caused in early childhood by a careless cook, who at one time left a half day's batch of doughnuts within his reach. Naturally, he had eaten himself sick. At present the very odor of a fresh doughnut reminded him all too vividly of that fatal day.

And here he was in mud, with Salvation Army girls offering him doughnuts! He tried to avoid the girls because of the hurt expression on their faces if he refused, but was not usually successful. So you can see he had some excuse for being slightly homesick although he wouldn't admit that he was. This feeling was heightened by hearing mess call and realizing that he must eat another mess of mud and beans. How he longed for home, a warm fire, dry clothes and a hot delicious supper! Oh, Boy, howdy! Fried chicken in the real southern style, sweet potatoes, and apple pie. The thought was too



much for him and with much growling he dove through the hole in the mud wall to mess.

Several hours later, seated at the mouth of the dugout, he noticed a tray of doughnuts bearing down upon him. He dove for the entrance but a silvery voice hailed him. "Wouldn't you like a doughnut?" Something held him; he turned slowly and saw behind the tray the prettiest, bluest eyes imaginable. With an effort he lowered his eyes and saw a dainty nose and a pair of adorably, rosy lips. He stared dumfounded. "Won't you have a fresh doughnut?" he was demurely asked. Jones gulped hard, then stammered, "Why, I-er-no, that is, I don't care for-er, Yes, please," As she handed him one, for a long blissful second she looked him squarely in the eyes. Then blushing slightly she turned and hastened away. As he regained his senses, he realized that he was still holding the doughnut. It was one of the hated type, but in his eyes it seemed different, more attractive. He took a bite. Well it wasn't so bad after all. He wished that she'd come again. He kept watch for her for the next day or two but did not see her. One night, seated on the edge of a crude bunk, he allowed his fancy to roam. He saw a Salvation Army lass, with blue eyes and a kissable pair of rosy lips. He stretched out his arms to clasp the vision, but instead of what he expected he met a khaki blouse and the rough face of his bunky. His bunky leaped away with a yell, "Whassamatter with you?" "Aw, forget it," advised the other somewhat sheepishly. "I was just dreaming." "Huh!" snorted his bunky, Peters. "If you dream like that I'll get another sidekick." Without another word, Jones rolled into his bunk and had dreams of—oh! such dreams. The next day he didn't catch a glimpse of his blue-eyed dream or her doughnuts.

So occupied was he with gloomy thoughts that he failed to notice a messenger of the three-inch variety with his number on it. Crash! and Jones felt himself falling into a great pit. Faintly he wondered why his shoulder ached and why his leg wouldn't work.

He awoke in one of a long row of white beds, all occupied. A tall nurse forced his head back on the soft pillows. "Just be quiet now," she warned. "How did I get here?" "You were struck a glancing blow on the shoulder and got some shrapnel in your leg," she explained, "I think that's all." "That," said Jones, "is a plenty." Then he went to sleep.

He was told that upon his recovery he would be invalided back to the U. S. A. "I don't want to leave my company," was the answer the Surgeon received. He was considerably surprised for most of the men were perfectly willing to go home. "My boy," the Surgeon explained, "it will be a long time before you can walk without crutches let alone going into active service." The surgeon left and a nurse who was passing by stopped to console him. "I know how you feel about leaving before you've seen active service, but it can't be helped." "Doggone it," he burst out, "I don't care a hang about the active service but if I go now I can't find—." He stopped short but seeing her interest told her the whole story. When he had finished the nurse exclaimed, "You poor boy," and then, much to his astonishment, leaned over and kissed him. He fell asleep wondering why she was so sympathetic.

After about four months he reached Brest, and after a long delay, New York. The home town soon welcomed him with open arms and celebrated at the same time the ending of the war. His mother had a real supper ready af-

ter the "doings," a supper that surpassed, if possible, his trench imaginations. But somehow everything seemed flat. Even the great apple pie was not quite as good as usual. For there was a longing for the taste of a wonderful doughnut. The evening passed uncomfortably as many of the neighbors dropped in to hear about his experiences. What could he say! All he remembered was a pair of blue eyes and a Salvation Army uniform. He excused himself on the plea of sleepiness and went to dream of blue eyes and blonde doughnuts.

The next morning after a breakfast of griddle cakes and syrup, his mother asked, "Why don't you walk down town and see how much it has changed." "Guess I will, Mother." A few minutes later found Private Jones wandering in his old haunts. He wandered around for a short while and happened to pass a new bakery. A familiar odor assailed him. He glanced around and saw a girl filling a bag with doughnuts. As his shadow fell across the window, she glanced up and the startled doughboy looked into a pair of blue eyes. It was his Salvation Army girl.

They stared at each other a brief second, then she blushed, smiled slightly, and turned away. Jones stood staring at the doughnuts and reviewing all his wild plans to meet her, but they were of no use. At last he summoned all his nerve and entered the shop. Looking around he saw the girl behind the counter. Her back was toward him. Leaning against the counter, he smiled sweetly and said as the girl of his dreams turned around, "Please, Miss, may I have another doughnut?"

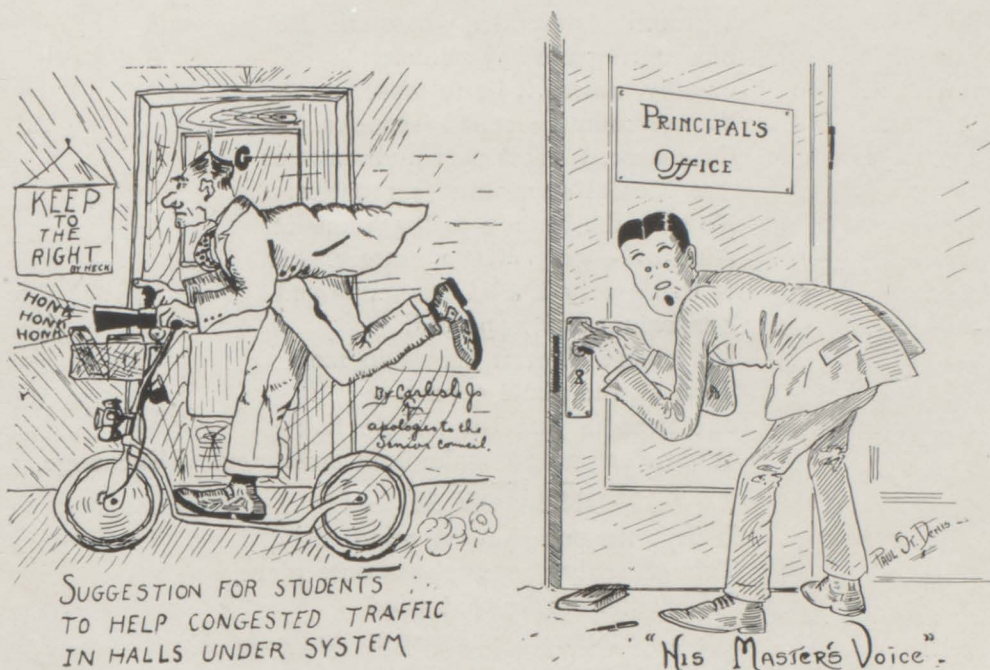
HARRY ROSS '20.

NOTE PASSING

A mail service has been developed in P. H. H. S. that has needed no faculty supervision to insure its success. This is called note passing. Just why this is done is hard to surmise. It seems, however, to be due to the fact that many important ideas must be confided in some one before they are forgotten.

Every person who handles a note, takes great care that it reaches its destination. This insures a speedy and fairly safe delivery. With such cooperation there is a remarkably efficient service in some of the study halls. There are several types of notes that are handled in this manner. There is the so-called "mushy" type that is read, in some instances, to the Freshmen to instill a horror of the wicked system. The purely "business" notes, are carried from room to room. This is done to allow the teachers to assent, by signature, to a single session. Many "special delivery" notes are sent to the unsuspecting victim by an entirely innocent agent. Rumors are abroad that some notes make arrangements for a meeting without seconds. We hope that the custom of duelling is not coming into vogue again. These small folded objects cause a great many misunderstandings so that it is best to live up to the old adage: "Don't write, and fear no woman."

A. A. B.



MAGAZINES

Youth's Companion—Harlan Hungerford.

American—Mr. Davis.

Metropolitan—A. Dixon.

House Beautiful—P. H. H. S.

Life—Jack McCowan.

Electrical Experimenter—"Mike" Appel.

Vanity Fair—Doris Deal.

Snappy Stories—John Ross.

Popular—Russell Wonderlick.

Red Book—Class Record.

System—Ponies.

Business—7th Hour Accounting.

Musical America—Lloyd Reid.

Gargoyle—Tests.

Saturday Evening Post—Sylvester's.

Designer—Mary McCormick.

Moving Picture—The Girls.

Sunset—Graduation.

Detective Story—Mr. Hilsinger.

Farm and Fireside—Dudley Field.

Woman's Home Companion—Guy Manuel.

Shadow Land—Before exams.

Literary Digest—Miss Northrup.

Standard—75%.

Popular Mechanics—Lake (?) Meyers (?)

Blue Book—Monday Morning.

APPLIED MATHEMATICS

I sometimes wonder what's the use
of squaring the hypotenuse,
or why, unless it be to tease
Things must be called isosceles.
Of course, I know that mathematics
Are Mental stunts and acrobatics,
To give the brain a drill gymnastic
And make grey matter more elastic,
If that's why Euclid has employed
Trapezium and trapezoid,
I wonder? Yet it seems to me
That all the plane geometry
one need is just the simple feat
What e'er you do, make both ends meet. —Exchange.

IN ROOM M

It isn't the sun that we mind,
Though truly it sometimes does glare,
It isn't the barges that wind
Up the stream, that cause us to swear
It isn't the view that we get
Of billboards and rusty old tin,
Of the empty bean cans,
And the old battered pans,
It's the trucks
 with their roar
 and their din.

It isn't the lessons we mind,
It isn't the marks on our card,
It isn't the tests, that we find
Are lengthy or overly hard,
It isn't the rules that aggravate,
Though truly they do make us sore,
It's the noise that we hear
From afar and from near,
Of the trucks
 with their din
 and their roar.

Oh! the din and roar of the trucks,
The trucks and their deafening din
They rattle and bang and clatter and clang,
Till the windows fairly fall in.
Roaring exhaust, screeching siren
And soft hum of motors deluxe
Are the worst of our woes.
But the chief of our foes,
Are the roar,
 and the din,
 of the trucks.

JAMES MILLER, '20.

The "One-Way" System

With Apologies to J. W. Riley.

I.

The "One Way" system in the halls has come to our school to stay,
An' make the pupils keep to the right and drive confusion away.
The "children" needed some exercise, an' there was no room for a "gym,"
So this way was invented whereby they might drill in the hallways dark an'
dim,

An' all we other "children," when our daily work is done,
We go to eighth hour session room an' has the mostest "fun"
A-list'nin to the yarns 'at the teachers tells about,
An' the Council 'll git you, ef you don't watch out!

II.

Onc't there was a little boy who wouldn't mind the rules,
So when he went to English class with the other little "jewels,"
The students heerd him holler an' the teachers heerd him bawl;
An' when they went to find him, he wasn't there at all,
An' they seeked him in the session rooms, and down the hallways dim,
An' they looked around the office, an' most everywhere for him;
But all they ever found was thist his books and runabout,
An' the Council will git you, if you don't watch out!

III.

An' onc't there was a little girl who wouldn't keep in line,
An' 'specially on the stairs she was out 'most all the time,
An' onc't when she was out of line and teacher saw her there,
She mocked him an' she shocked him, an' said she didn't care,
An' just as she was turning to go to Latin class,
There stood two great big stalwart youths, who wouldn't let her pass,
An' they took her to the office, for she knowed what she's about,
An' the Council will get you if you don't watch out!

IV.

An' then the teachers tell us when the day is dark,
An' you go to History class an' get a rather dreadful mark,
An' you hear the principal scolding some person who did wrong,
An' you went to a mass meeting, an' they wouldn't sing one song,
You'd better mind your parents and your teachers "fond and dear,"
An' learn your lessons every day so you can pass each year,
An' heed the "One Way" system an' the gong that quells all doubt,
Or the Council will get you if you don't watch out!

MARY VanVALKENBURG '21.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

In these days of highway robbery and theft, everyone secretly plans some defense or escape for themselves.

Jane, seventeen year old daughter of the Burns', eagerly hoped for a chance to heroically save the family silver. She wanted to see her name in print and beneath it a thrilling tale of how she had rescued the valuables of the house from burglars. Every night she slept with two hatpins—woman's defense—under her pillow.

Her twin brother, Billy, the tease and mischief-maker of the family, learned of her plan and accordingly "cooked up" something.

One night, just after the clock struck twelve, a disturbance outside of Jane's room awakened her—she was all attention! The door was pushed open and the moonlight distinctly outlined a man's figure. Two eyes peered through a villainous looking mask as he steadily advanced. Grasping the two hatpins in her hand, Jane sprang from her bed—ready to scratch and stab the man who had dared to enter their house. Another step towards her—now was the time to do the deed. A slight scream—she swooned and fainted—just like a woman! It was brother Bill to the rescue this time.

E. MEISEL '21.

I STUDY

Oh dear, I've got so much to do
I'll never get it done.
But I don't suppose I'll finish it
Until its been begun.

A polygon with 2n sides
Now let me see!—Oh yes
I don't think I can do that one.
It's the hardest yet I guess.

I'd try and do translation
But its a hopeless task I know;
So I think Ill put away my books
And go to a real good show.

MAVIS WARNER, '21.

CHOICE BITS FROM JUNIOR BLUE-BOOKS.

"St. Clair River divides Sarnia from Port Huron, but Black River doesn't divide anything—it just flows through the middle of the town."

"The smallpox at Castlewood was very desotious. Many of the servants of the Lord got it and died of it. When they heard of the small-pox everyone was scared and fled to another town."

Another account of the smallpox incident begins: "Henery was a friend of Nancies and had been to see her at the Inn when it started and had held her brother who was coming down with it."



SMILE

When the world seems sad and dreary,
 And everything goes the wrong way,—
 When neighbors' chickens come into your garden,
 And the horses eat too much hay.
 When you sit around by your lonesome self
 Thinking of your troubles the while,—
 Forget 'em! Stand up on your good supports
 And look at the world and smile!

If the taxes are so heavy
 That you haven't the money to pay,
 Don't think there's a better time coming,
 But get down on your knees and pray!
 If you know you need a suit of clothes,
 And your wife simply can't keep in style,—
 Well, just pass 'em by and wear your rags,—
 But for goodness sake! DO smile!

So with all these little worries,
 When everything seems no good,—
 Just keep right on a-living
 And do the best one possibly could.
 If you think Good Luck should come to you now,
 Instead of after a while,—
 Ah, forget all your troubles,—stop worrying,
 Just think it all over, and smile!

M. M. McINNIS, '21.



WHERE?



LOVE ME LOVE MY DOG



WE THREE



IN GOOD COMPANY



HARD UP



ARTISTIC



SCOTCH BYE



STEW



HART HUNTERS



GOING UP



FAREWELL

When They Were Kids

A One Act Play—By Ann Onymous.

Scene I, Act I (A Country School room about twenty years ago, at 8:00 A. M.) Teacher calling roll.

"Volney Hungerford." "Present."

"Maggie Kress." "Present."

"Gracie Northrup." "Present."

"Alta Hayward." "Present."

"Ruthie Rush." "Present."

"Allie Chapin." "Present."

"Francis Lake." "Present."

"Willie Hillsinger." "Late again, I suppose."

"Well now that we're all accounted for, I want Volney Hungerford to get up on the dunce stool and finish the punishment I prescribed for him yesterday. Allie you do your arithmetic. If you can't add 2 and 2 now, how will you ever solve a simultaneous quadratic equation?"

"Beatrice Woodward, come up here and give me those sentences you were supposed to write yesterday. If you've got the word 'ain't' in them, as you usually have, you'll stand in the corner with your nose on that crack for one hour. Because I want you to know there aint no such word as 'ain't.' Now is that clear?"

NOW the B 4th class rise, pass, be seated. Maggie Kress! If you can't sit there without waggin' your tongue, move out to the end of the bench. If I don't cure you now I don't know what you'll be twenty years from now.

"Teddy Anderson, you're too smart! You needn't be delivering lectures in the deaf and dumb language back there. Francis Lake probably knows as much about it as you do.

"Now, Alta Hayward, will you give me the answer to the first problem? You haven't got it done? Sit down! You never get your themes in on time either.

"Now, Ruth Rush, you give me the answer to the first problem. What? \$12 again! A man bought a cow for \$40, sold it for \$30 and gained \$12? Sit down! Now Allie Chapin, you give the answer. \$10 loss, correct, pass to the head of the class.

"Well, Willie Hillsinger, this is a fine time for you to walk in. Why are you late? You're dog's sick? Great heavens, what an excuse! You may stay 45 minutes after school tonight and if you're late again this week you'll stay till 5:00 o'clock every night. Take that gum out of your mouth, and dont try to save it for tomorrow by sticking it under your desk. Put it in the waste basket.

"Volney, you may get down off that stool, but if I ever catch you putting tacks on my seat again, I'll thrash you. Go get a pail of water.

"Pansy Blake, are you just primping or making faces at Volney behind your geography? He pulled your hair?"

"Volney, out to the wood shed and I'll follow."

Ten minutes intervenes—Re-enter teacher

"How is it that every time I leave the room, you have to act so dishonorable, just the minute my back is turned, especially you, Gracie Northrup! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Boys get into your seats. Francis take that waste paper basket off your head and stop your acrobatic stunts.

"Teddy Anderson, give Maggie Kress her hair ribbon and give me those marbles. I'll dispose of them. Now settle down and keep quiet you scamps. Volney, take your seat, and don't act so smart young man or I'll **make** you smart.

H. D. W., '22.

SOME ASSETS TO P. H. H. S.

Al Hogan's—Voice.
Wm. Duff's—Socks.
F. Moore's—Strength.
H. Fenner's—Looks.
L. Reid's—Hair.
R. Wonderlic's—Nerve.
C. Chalcraft's—Beard.
P. St. Dennis—Printing.

M. Wright's—Walk.
G. Lennox's—Run
B. Langtry's—Spats.
Kenneth C's—"Long" Trousers.
R. Simms'—Jazz.
C. Bonnett's—Disposition.
3 prs. of crutches.
ALL THE PRETTY GIRLS.

THE LOST NOTE

I

Seated one day in the Sophomore room,
I was weary and ill at ease
While my neighbor was busily writing
With a look on her face as if pleased.

II

I knew not what she was writing
I knew not what it could be,
But she lifted her head and with a deep sigh
She slyly gave it to me.

III

I read the directions upon it
I knew just where it should go
And I raised my head to glance round,
To see if all was just so.

IV

I gently threw it a seat ahead
And praised myself for the deed;
But the teacher saw it just then—
And to tell the rest there's no need. E. FOSCHNICK.

COULD YOU IMAGINE

The Sophomores beating the Freshmen?
Grant Green with all his algebra done?
Chester Davis getting to school on time?
Ralph Tuer grinning like Russell Simms?
Girls not wearing "GARAGES?"
Kenneth Peck not flirting?
Russell Wonderlic with red hair?
Fred Ballentine going to sleep in Civics class?
John Ottaway using a powder puff?
Leonard Simms wearing Ruth Frilay's hat?
Isabel Ballentine not having anything to say?
Jack Cuttle without an excuse handy?
Sigsbee School without Elizabeth Thompson?
Edsil Spring weighing three hundred?
Frances Brown a movie star?
An "E" on Lucille Beresford's report?
William Kressin "locked in a stable?"
Leo Goldman reading a newspaper?
Ross Martin with no Senior girls "VAMPING?"
Doris DeGraw liking school?
An upper classman recognizing a waste basket?
Having school on Saturdays?
Paul Soini with a Marcel wave?
Gertrude Pressprich making a big noise?
Fred Wargowsky taking life seriously?
Charlie Dodd with the mumps?
Kenneth Carlisle at a Freshman party?
Albert Hogan slighting a Freshman?
Jack Beamer doing a "human fly" stunt?
Louis Weil with a Charlie Chaplin walk?
The 'Varsity Team without Hughie Ross?
Miss Chapin forgetting to assign the algebra lesson?
Maxine Epstein on a hunger strike?
An embargo on gum?
Port Huron High School without the Class of 1923?

THELMA MORROW, '23.

-
1. The Gong—That thrilling startling thing that rings when you are just outside the session room door.
 2. A Study Hour—A period when the students relax from their work. Refreshments are often served.
 3. Keep to the Right—The motto of Port Huron High School. It was thrust upon the school by the Senior Council.
 4. A Mass Meeting—A cramped meeting. Standing room only.

We wonder how Ed Moore can think of so many excuses for not having his lessons.



Snap

WOPS



Shots



FOOLISH TRIO



Going Up and---Down

The gray morning light was peeping through the curtains when I awoke and although I knew I should be up that very minute, I closed my eyes listening for the hall clock to strike seven. Presently it struck.

I arose and slowly started to dress. To my surprise, I found myself putting on a very thin voile dress, and over that a most attractive aviator's suit.

While standing before my mirror, I happened to look at a calendar hanging near and, with a gasp of astonishment, observed that it read, "March 30, 2020."

I ate my breakfast in many small capsules, then stepped into my waiting aeroplane was off to school. In mid-air, I had a jolly race with Jean Laird who was piloting her new blue and gold plane. Although we were going at a 250-mile-an-hour clip, I was delighted to note the expansion of Port Huron and to see the busy life in our suburbs of Detroit and Jeddo.

When a merry host of us had alighted at the Port Huron High School, courteous mechanics, among them Ross Martin and Paul Soini, hustled our planes to their hangars, while we strolled over beautiful lawns in the shade of magnificent trees to the marvelous new High School which Mr. Davis had told us about, exactly one hundred years before. We saluted Mr. Hungerford, who was watching our arrival with a smile of satisfaction.

The High School plant, which covered four city blocks, was in low two-story buildings of white stone, surrounded by several acres of campus which sloped gently down to the shores of Lake Huron. There I saw Dorothy Martin and Lucille Beresford leisurely paddling in bright colored canoes. On the north side of the school scores of girls and boys were playing tennis and others were starting off for the golf links.

Hastily scanning the buildings, I was delighted to see such names above their entrances as: "Community Hall," "The Little Theatre," "Girls' Gymnasium and Recreation Center," "Science Hall," "Library," "Art Gallery," "Vocational Shops," etc.

Entering "Community Hall," I found myself in a business-like lounging room where bustling groups of young people were flitting about in their lightest summer clothing. The air was tropical and the ventilation perfect.

The main topic of conversation was the referendum on giving men the privilege of voting. The boys were excitedly carrying huge armfuls of books, upon this subject, to and from the Civic Laboratory. Doris DeGraw, Mildred Smith and Isabel Ballentine were valiantly protesting the necessity for the movement, declaring it to be the most backward step women had ever taken, while poor Jack Beamer vainly tried to find some good argument in favor of it. I really pitied their old fashioned ideas.

As I passed an alcove I saw a pale, sad looking youth reading out of a book, a kind of gibberish which I afterwards learned was the language of the ancient Romans. That was Fred Ballentine.

Desiring to think my suffrage platform over, I stepped into the corridor and met a stream of students going towards a Domestic Science Laboratory,

from which the most delicious untasted odors issued. It was Miss Cameron's demonstration of those queer 1920 foods—very interesting and curious.

After this, I strolled over to the Art Gallery, where I saw some of the master-pieces of the world which had been placed there by the city commission.

Joining Kathleen Gray, I went to gather some flowers in the conservatory and while we were busy cutting roses and orchids, Russell Wonderlic with his usual pep rushed through the room and upon our inquiry as to where he was going he replied, "To the Library."

My curiosity got the best of me and I immediately rushed off to the Library too. Instead of the stuffy little room which I had been used to, I found a great hall lined with books. Many of the volumes were on the subject of Civics, but I could not get hold of a single one. All seemed to be in use.

You may imagine my surprise not to see Miss Chapin anywhere, but I learned that after she had revised the algebra course and cut out all non-essentials, there was nothing left and so she was now enjoying life unmarred by "x's," "y's," and "z's."

Seeing nothing like our old routine, I wondered when classes passed. I asked Adrian Zemmer and he said, "Why, you go to class whenever you are prepared."

I was so perplexed that I could do no more than utter a weak little, "Thank you."

At noon, I joined the crowd of boys and girls rushing to their hangars and climbed into my aeroplane. Rising speedily to a high altitude, my plane suddenly took a dip. I floated downward through space and landed on something very soft. When I opened my eyes, I looked to see if any of my bones were broken, but I found to my surprise that I was in bed. All my beautiful day had been a dream, and I still had to dress and run all the way to school. It was ten minutes to eight and the Senior Council was on guard. Luckily the bridge was not turned!!

CHARLENE E. SHILAND, 23.

JUNIOR JABS

Best Looking—John Allen.
Woman Hater—Roy Stewart.
Giddy—Herbert Tims.
Rough—Jack Taylor.
Drudge—Wayne Frink.
Studious—Elaine Schell.
Class Flirt—Frank Allen.
Vamp—Mildred McInnis.
Fattest—Mildred Ludy.
Best Dancer—Francis Appel.
Bluffer—Mavis Warner.
Boldest—Donald Ross.

What do the French classes do with their teachers? They have had seven this semester.

WHO'S WHO

Who is it walks with quiet grace,
With studious air and serious face,
Who is a joy in every place?

—That's a Freshman.

Who is it races through the halls,
And loudly to his neighbor bawls,
Who oftenest the teacher "calls?"

—That's a Sophomore.

Who is it tries to look so wise,
To little Sophs' and Freshies' eyes,
Who is (?) a Senior in disguise?

—That's a Junior.

Who is it that defies all care,
And no responsibility can share,
Who is a NUISANCE everywhere?

—That's a Senior.

'23.

AN ODE TO A SAFETY PIN

Something long and
Made of Tin
Is the Useful
Safety Pin.

When you jump
And break something
Then you yell,
"A Safety Pin."

Out in the woods
When on a trip,
Through barbed wire,
Then a rip.

Oh, you may laugh
And pay no heed
But you'll find "Safety"
A friend in need.

Of all inventions
Great and small
The little old "Safety"
Beats them all.

—MARJORIE LOCKE



VERY
POPULAR



LOOK WHO'S HERE



TWINS



OFFICERS



COQUETTISH



TWO OF A KIND



A GLASS
OF LEMONADE.



THREE GRACES



CHEWING GUM
SISTERS



SNOWBIRD.



SCHOOL DAYS



A "SUNKIST"
LEMON.



SMILES



PALS



SUNNY BILL



MAKE IT BIG.



KATHLEEN



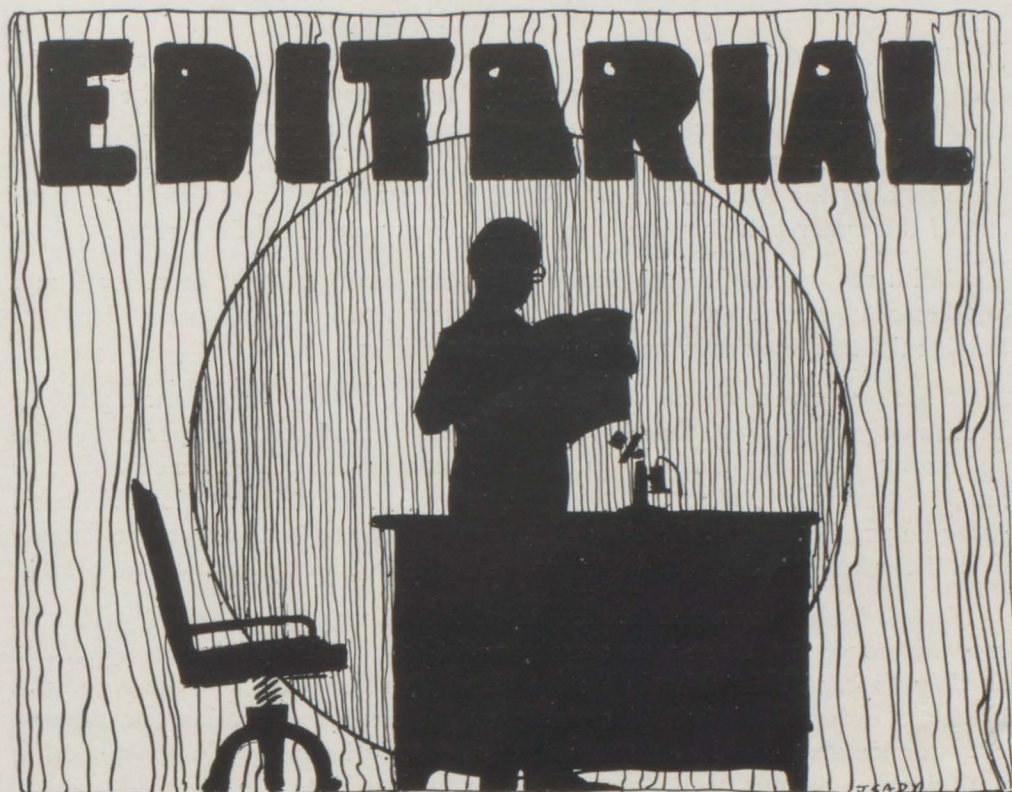
WHERE'S MY
BIKE?



NINA



WILD-FLOWERS



PEP vs. SPIRIT

Pep. Everyone wants to show it. The school needs it. Classes desire it. But what is it? A combination of enthusiasm, excitement, noise and activity? Of course it is. The noise element is uppermost in our cheering, the excitement, at a game, and the enthusiasm and activity of teams carries us on. But underneath this show of pep there must be a stronger feeling. Unless there is a willingness on the part of each individual to sacrifice or cooperate for the general good, this pep becomes a mere show and so is of little avail. The realization that one is a part of an organization and has a desire to build up the whole will make for impelling spirit. That is what we want even more than pep. Stand back of your organized class. Show Pep when desirable! Spirit always.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Nothing can be accomplished without cooperation. The Staff have worked hard to serve you by preparing this annual. We hope it is satisfactory. We have had much assistance from teachers, students, and outsiders. We wish to thank all those who have made special reports or have given suggestions; all those who have helped in the preparation of materials; and ALL contributors. Most important of these, of course, were the advertisers who gave us our financial strength.

THE NEW WASHINGTON SCHOOL

In the history of the High School there have been many changes. In 1906 the old wooden building burned to the ground. In 1908 the present school was opened for use. Within recent years the number of students attending has increased beyond the capacity of the rooms. Some action was necessary, so the Auditorium was fitted with stationary seats and the south end of the upper hall was partitioned off to form an extra class room.

With the opening of the Junior High this condition will be relieved and another change added to the list. No one can foretell the effect on P. H. H. S. but it might be interesting to deal in probabilities.

This new arrangement will hold the eighth grade graduates through their Freshman year at least, thus leaving the High School to the upper class men and perhaps the Sophomores. Just whom the teachers will use as examples of model behavior is hard to tell. Not Juniors, surely! Will a Senior-Freshman party be possible or has the class of Twenty given the last party of that kind? Will the school be duller or will there be fuller freedom with fewer students?

There is, however, another aspect of this change. With relief from the crowded condition, those who remain ought to be able to have many things as they wish. The Auditorium might be cleared of seats and the stage put in better order. This would make it usable for mass-meetings or movies. Plays or lectures could be rehearsed, during school time, without interfering with deeply studious occupants. These are a few ideas.

Thus the possibilities open to future classes for their greater pleasure and advancement are wide and interesting.

A SUGGESTION

The editor received an interesting suggestion for The Student, that we have a beauty contest in P. H. H. S. The plan was to have picked judges, choose candidates from each room and present them before the school. A vote was to be taken and the winner's picture placed in The Student. We thank you for the suggestion, but owing to lack of time we were unable to make use of it. But honestly, do you think that impartial judges could be found? WE DOUBT IT!

AN APOLOGY

Some of the art work was retouched just before sending to the engravers. This was far from satisfactory to the artists. We are very sorry that this happened and ask their pardon.

Voice of the School

INDIFFERENCE?

As students, we're ephemeral in actions and nature at times. Any new move is received with loud acclaim only to die out in a short period of time. The cause of this is seemingly a lack of mutual agreement between one another. A few, and usually the same few, will abide by the decisions of the majority. Spasmodic in the extreme are these natures of ours. We are lax in adhering to fundamental principles laid down by the student body. By agreement the boys and girls of this room promised to live up to standards as set by the room as a whole. Now we are forgetting.

Is our indifferent attitude due to the age in which we are living? Or is it because of thoughtlessness on our part? True it is there are many outside attractions but why not work for the betterment of school life. Four years in this institution is in reality a short space of time. During our stay we fail to realize the fact and in later years we look back with memories of what good was really accomplished and we do not want mingled with those thoughts, things which were not of the best. To this end let everyone strive in every way possible for a bigger and better Port Huron High School a place of credit to the community.

M. R. A.

Alfred Browning to Albert Hogan: "Au revoir."

A. H. "What does that mean?"

A. B. "Oh, thats goodbye in French."

A. H. "Carbolic acid."

A. B. "What does that mean?"

A. H. "Oh, that means goodbye in any language."

Who said Mary Pickford and Mary Miles Minter are the only perfect blondes. We'll wager the judge never visited Room E.

Shakespeare—Illustrated

The Freshman Year—"A Comedy of Errors."

The Sophomore Year—"Much Ado About Nothing."

The Junior Year—"As You Like It."

The Senior Year—"All's Well That Ends Well."

In sport he called her a lemon nice,
And said he'd be the squeezer,
Instead he felt like lemon ice,
And she—well, she was the freezer.

Here is what was written by a school girl, a would-be novelist: "He sprang ardently forward, but a look of soft entreaty from one of Pearl's eyes, and a glance of warning darted from the other in the direction of her aunt, forced him regretfully back into his chair."

Girls' Athletics

Port Huron High School ranks as one of the leading schools of Michigan in Boys' Athletics. There is the Boys' Basket Ball team, the Boys' Baseball team, the Boys' Football team, and now the Boys' Track team. What a fine school it is—for the boys. And that is as it should be, but there should be a little consideration given to Girls' Athletics as well.

Last year, under the supervision of Miss Everham, the girls of each class formed a basketball team. There were inter-class games played, and at each game, about a handful of students appeared to cheer the teams on. In fact there were very few who even knew that such teams existed. However, the girls enjoyed the game and wanted to keep on. This year when the girls petitioned for a Basketball team, their request wasn't even considered. No teacher could be found who was willing to take the time from her work to coach. Consequently, when the girls would play, they organized two teams outside of school and scheduled their own games.

There is not another school of this size in the state that does not provide for girls' athletics in some manner. Marine City and even Memphis, which is not even on the map, has a girls' basketball team. Every semester, every girl in High School is literally forced to pay fifty cents to the Athletic Association, so that the boys may partake in the athletics from which they are excluded. Is this fair?

MARJORIE LOCKE.

LAUGHS

There are laughs you laugh when you're happy:
There are laughs you laugh when you tease;
But the laugh you laugh when you're fighting
Will carry you farther than these.

O. LENDA NEER.

TRA-LA!

If the flowers that bloom in the spring, Tra-la,
Have nothing to do with this case;
We surely would like to know, Tra-la,
How they ever got into her vase.

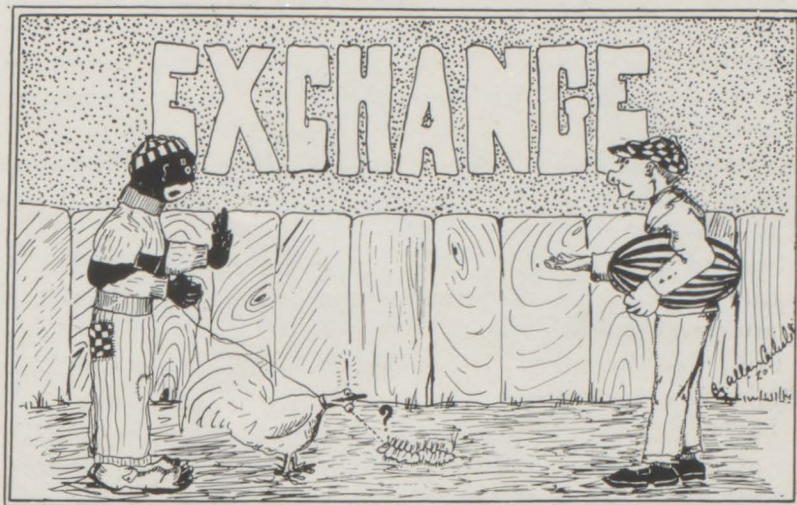
O. LENDA NEER.

EH?

Life is a fizzle, work is a flunk.
We think, think, think, and get nothing thunk.

EX.

We wonder where Arthur Taylor gets his hair marcelled?



We have received quite a number of papers for the Exchange Department. The Student Staff wishes to thank all schools who have exchanged with us and we hope that you will come again next year.

It has not been our desire to criticize, but merely to help. Comments made concerning the "Student Annual" will be received in the same spirit.

We acknowledge the following:

"The Breeze," A. H. S.—Albion, Mich.

"The Tatler," M. H. S.—Marquette, Mich.

"The Tomahawk," P. H. S.—Pontiac, Mich.

"The Criterion," Arthur Hill School, Saginaw, Mich.

"The Dreadnought," W. H. S.—Watonga, Okla.

"The Beacon," Western H. S.—Detroit, Mich.

"The Eastern," Eastern H. S.—Detroit, Mich.

"The Visalia News," V. H. S.—Visalia, California.

"The Student Lantern," S. H. S.—Saginaw, Mich.

"The Colt," Northwestern H. S.—Detroit, Mich.

"The D. H. S. Porpoise," D. H. S.—Daytona, Florida.

"The Rutherfordian," R. H. S.—Rutherford, N. J.

Comments:

"The Breeze," A. H. S.—Albion, Mich.—Your paper is well arranged. But why not more snapshots to liven it?

"The Tatler," M. H. S.—Marquette, Mich.—Your editorials are fine. Congratulations.

"The Tomahawk," P. H. S.—Pontiac, Mich.—The jokes of the February number are clever. It is also evident that your high school takes a great deal of interest in athletics.

"The Criterion," Arthur Hill School, Saginaw, Mich.—The Criterion is full of pep. Your jokes are especially good.

"The Dreadnought," W. H. S.—Watonga, Oklahoma.—Your literary department contains some good material. The editorials are worth while too.

"The Beacon," Western H. S.—Detroit, Mich.—Your cover of January,

1920 was unique and well done. The description of Hamlet in "As We See It" causes the Port Huron Senior English Classes to extend their sympathy.

"The Eastern," Eastern H. S.—Detroit, Mich.—Your January class of 1920 might well be proud of their school magazine. The class prophecy was worthy of comment.

"The Visalia News," V. H. S.—Visalia, California—Your paper is not large but is well constructed. We are sorry to hear that because of illness, you failed to edit for a short time.

"The Student Lantern," S. H. S.—Saginaw, Mich.—The article "Benefits Of Army Life" is fine. The illustrations and headings for the different departments are clever and original.

"The Colt," Northwestern H. S.—Detroit, Mich.—The "Colt" bears out your reputation in every respect.

"The D. H. S. Porpoise," D. H. S.—Daytona, Florida—The D. H. S. Porpoise is an interesting paper in every way. But why not a few more jokes?

"The Rutherfordian," R. H. S.—Rutherford, N. J.—The literary contributions were fine. But why not use a few more snaps to brighten up the "Rutherfordian?"

In 6th hour French class. Miss Rothman: "Mr. Hungerford name one of the French Pierres (Fathers.)"

H. Hungerford: "Pere Marquette."

A. Hogan—Was it the potato famine or the lack of potatoes?

Different ways of addressing a teacher:

Freshman—"Sir?"

Sophomore—"I don't understand."

Junior—"What?"

Senior—"Huh?"

Lake—"Next time I speak to you fellows back there I won't say anything."

Harlan Hungerford (On Monday morning): "Where's that shirt I laid out here?"

Mrs. H: "Why I sent it to the laundry. The cuffs were all dirty."

Harlan: "Great guns there goes a U. S. History exam."

Mr. Hilzinger explaining simple contracts in Civil Law—"No matter if a ship burned six times it would have to be replaced."

Miss Northrup: "We will take the life of Bunyan, Monday. Come prepared."

A. Hogan: "When I get to Heaven, I'm going to ask Shakespeare if he really wrote those plays."

H. Hungerford: "Maybe he won't be there."

A. Hogan: "Then you ask him."



Calendar

- Feb. 10: The 2nd Semester opened with little excitement as everyone missed the arrival of the Freshies.
- Feb. 17: Allan Minnie left High School for St. Johns, Michigan. He will be greatly missed.
- Feb. 19: Al Hogan was seen leaving school with a bucket. Don't you know that prohibition is in effect, Al?
- Feb. 23: Chester Benedict, while speaking about George Washington, told the story of the "apple tree."
- Feb. 25: You missed something, when you didn't see the Ajos Girls play "The Cresenette" at the Armory.
- Feb. 27: The Freshmen raised \$51 for the Armenian Relief, beating all other classes.
- Mar. 1: "Young" Simms lost his head. He offered contents as reward.
- Mar. 2: Biddlecomb **shot** Seniors while posing.
- Mar. 5: Six weeks' test began. Joyous feeling? Of course.
- Mar. 8: Supt. Davis spoke to the Seniors and Juniors on "Responsibility." Sorry that the Sophs and Freshies couldn't hear it. **They need it!**
- Mar. 10: Seniors are flashing new jewelry. (Class pins.)
- Mar. 12: Big Mass Meeting. Pep aroused for the basket ball game between Saginaw and P. H. H. S. Mr. Lake and Mr. Davis of the Y. M. C. A. spoke.
- Mar. 13: All French classes expressing regret at the absence of Mrs. Naumann and Mrs. Wickenden.
- Mar. 15: Report cards are out once more. They were read with ease.
- Mar. 17: Senior Council was elected. Carlton Hill (Chairman); James Ramsey and Ruth Sturmer.
- Mar. 19: Mass Meeting great success. Excellent speakers. Capt. Nichols, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Collins and Mr. Davis of Y. Senior Council had charge.
- Mar. 20: Greatest basket ball game of the season. Cass Tech vs. P. H. H. S. **WE WON! WE WON! WE WON!**
- Mar. 21: Ottaway got a hair cut. Second anniversary of the one preceding.

- Mar. 23: Seniors had a lively class meeting. The annual "hop" was discussed. Is to be held at the New Washington School.
- Mar. 26: Everybody happy! Last day of school 'til after Easter! Whoops!
- Apr. 6: Why the glooms? The teachers say it is because we are again back at "work."
- Apr. 7: Movie in A. H.
- Apr. 9: Rev. Enders and Mrs. Norris spoke to the Seniors and Juniors on the "Inter-church Movement."
- Apr. 9: Halls were quiet. Mildred is mad at Albert. Silence reigns supreme!
- Apr. 9: Senior Council devised a new plan for passing of classes in the corridors, and it is being tried out this week. Classes keep to the right and go fast. A new gong, sounding every 45 minutes, wakes students in time for next class. Some system!
- Apr. 10: The Great Faculty Game! Exciting to see Smith, Coach Lake and "Tubby" try for baskets. Tense moments! Nearly a tie! 32 to 8!
- Apr. 13: The Teachers broke the hoodoo on this unlucky day by holding a successful party at High School.
- Apr. 15: Fred Ballentine starting reducing. Getting ready for a job?
- Apr. 19: Senior try-out for Play. Miss Sibilla does the "choosing."
- Apr. 21: Annual basket ball banquet. Washington School. Great success.

BOOTS—PUTTS—PANTS AND PATCHES



The above is the Coat of Arms of the Old Clothes Club. This club was organized to bring down the cost of new suits in Port Huron and wear out all the old things hanging in the closet.

At a general meeting the plan was discussed and decided upon. The next day saw a motley array of wearing apparel. The extremes wore off in a few days but the idea that new clothes don't make the student has come to stay and will create, we are sure, a greater feeling of fellowship with any fellow who is in style with the movement all the time.

The above work of art shows the principle of the club, its appearance and chief support.

Miss Northrup: "Now all of you pass together. Girls first."

Miss Chapin: "How do they tune violins?"

Charles Taylor: "Why with a tuning fork."

John H: "You look cold Katherine, shall I take off my coat and put it around you?"

Katherine: "Why take it off?"

MASS MEETING UNDER STUDENT COUNCIL

"Three cheers for the school now—let's make it a big one!"

Was it a big one? The school fairly shook. It occurred at a mass meeting in charge of Senior Student Council. Chairman Carlton Hill had arranged a splendid program. In view of the fact that the meeting was to arouse a little "pep" and spirit for our hardest Basket Ball Game, the first few minutes were given over to practicing yells under cheerleader Hogan's direction. "Professor" Browning then conducted a short sing, while the rest of the time was given over to speeches made by:

Mr. A. L. Chamberlain

Mr. Glen Davis

Mr. Lake

Jerry Collins.

The meeting was a great success in that a new spirit seemed to be present, and that it brought results mainly—a big turn out to see the team win their hardest contest.

SPEECHES BY BUSINESS MEN

The seniors have been very fortunate this semester in having prominent business men address them at the Monday Morning Meetings. They have dealt with practical problems, and the fields that are open to the boys and girls of today.

Mr. Stephen Graham	-	-	-	Banking
Mr. Thomas Draper	-	-	-	Manufacturing
Mr. Frank Henson	-	-	-	Clothing
Mr. Ottaway	-	-	-	Newspaper Work
Miss Spalding	-	-	-	Opportunities of a Clerk
Mr. Charlton	-	-	-	The Ministry

We have greatly enjoyed these Monday Morning talks and wish to thank the Business Men taking such an interest in the school.

THE SENIOR PLAY

The Seniors, as is their custom, are going to present "The Green Elephant," an English Drama. The cast for the play was chosen about the middle of April by Miss Clara Sibilla, the director. The cast is as follows:

Sir Henry Warburton.....	Wm. B. Hartman
Antony Pollitt	Charles Taylor
Rupert Harvard.....	Frederick Moore
Professor Norman Nutt.....	Lloyd Reid
John Betis.....	Alfred Browning
A Footman	James Beresford
Lady Warburton.....	Ruth Sturmer
Mrs. Motterway.....	Bessie Isbester
Miss Letty Hart.....	Marie Herbert
Harper	Evelyn Jackson
Maid	Marjorie Locke

The principal characters of the play are Sir Harry and Lady Warburton.

The plot centers around the loss of a valuable jade jewel, a green elephant. My Lady has very extravagant tastes, which Sir Harry indulges. But having a very large bill the green elephant disappears. Sir Harry discovers its loss and asks Norman Nutt to assist him in finding it. The Professor's secretary, John Betis, succeeds in locating it much to everyone's sorrow. Letty Hart, who knew him under a different name, does not disclose the fact that he is Peter Little, a long-sought-after thief because she is fond of him in spite of his profession. Mrs. Motterway's intense jealousy of Pollitt's slight friendship with Miss Hart makes life unpleasant for him till everything is settled. Sir Harry is continually fretting over the loss and yet anxious not to hurt her feelings about her "carelessness." Harvard, a friend of the Warburton's does not get into action enough to frustrate Betis, although he is the only one capable of doing so.

The executive staff of the play is as follows:

Business Manager	- - -	Gordon Tappan
Publicity Manager	- - -	James Beresford
Posters	- - -	Curtis Chalcraft
Property Manager	- - -	Eugene Lewis

ARMY ESSAY CONTEST

The Army Essay Contest was entered by practically all the schools in the country. Port Huron High School was no exception. The Senior English classes and some other students who desired to, competed, and selection of essays was made by Miss Northrup, Miss Woodward and Miss Hayward. They chose the three best to send to the local contest headquarters. These three were written by Marie Herbert, Wm. Hartman and Alfred Browning. These essays were among the four best in the city.

One of these, Alfred Browning's, was sent to Detroit, the district headquarters for the contest.

We wonder why T. Summers wore his coat collar up all one morning.

Miss Everham (8th hour hearing Latin vocabulary): "Lillian, will you please give the Latin for **nothing**."

Lillian: (thinking) pause:

Miss Everham: "Don't you know nothing?"

R. Briggs (Geom.) "Maybe you didn't measure the right ankle."

Accommodating Senior Girl: "Can you drive a car with one hand?"

Boy: "No, but I can stop."

Stranger: "Will you tell me the quickest way to get to the station?"

Newsie: "Sure, Run."

Baldy: "Sweitzer fell into a load of coal and wasn't hurt."

Jim Beresford: "Old one. Soft Coal?"

Baldy: "No, spring suit."

SOCIAL EVENTS



CHALCRAFT.

JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY

The Biggest social event of the year was the evening of April 19, when the Juniors honored the Class of '20 at a party given in the gymnasium of the New Washington School.

The Senior class colors, maize and blue, were draped from one balcony to its opposite in a most artistic manner.

In the center of the floor and surrounded by palms and floor-lamps, the orchestra was seated. The corners were cozily arranged and added as much to the comfort and enjoyment of the guests as to the artistic effect. In one corner was a great bowl of punch for the thirsty. Good? Ask anyone.

The evening was spent in dancing, and many feature dances were on the program. In the Grand March led by the Junior President Francis Appel and his partner Ruth Schuck, followed by the Senior President Charles Taylor and Isabel MacLaren were about seventy-five couples.

Before the close of the party the floor was almost covered with confetti and serpentine streamers. Hair and clothing glittered with a variety of colored dots.

The chaperones for this affair were the Junior Advisors, the Misses Woodward and Blake, and the Senior Advisors, the Misses Northrup and Everham. While the honored guests of the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Hungerford.

It was a wonderful party!

THE SOPHOMORE PARTY

The peppiest party that ever happened and the records of which will be handed down to posterity was given by the Sophomores on March twenty-sixth.

Dancing was enjoyed from four to five-thirty, the music was furnished by Miss Lamlein assisted by Kenneth Carlisle who sang all the latest songs and made quite a hit with the girls. The best part of any party follows immediately. Perhaps this is why the party was such a success. There would be no room left in the "Student" if a list of the menu was printed at this time. Favor hats created a great sensation at lunch. George Durrand, the President of the "Soph" class would like an Algebra Shark to solve this problem: "Given 90 dishes of Jello and only 75 Sophs present. To Find why six people ran short?????????"

At six-thirty the company laboriously removed themselves to the Auditorium here, they were favored with several reels of Moving Pictures which is the first time a class party has ever had such a feature. Between reels impromptu speeches caused some uneasiness; but even though some of our bashful friends were called on, all were forced to respond because of their Sophomore Spirit.

At an early hour the party broke up, each one feeling that "I kinda' wish it was just beginnin'."



THE FRESHMAN PARTY

On January 16, the Class of 1923 gave the most interesting party of the year. It was a Leap-year Indoor Picnic and it was novel in all of its features. The girls brought huge boxes of delicious lunch, the boys bought the ice cream and Miss Carlisle made the unique favors.

From 3 o'clock until 5, there was dancing on the third floor, chaperoned by Miss Kress and Miss Miller. During the first half of the program the girls asked the boys to dance, and they took great care to see that there were no "wallflowers." It was great fun and the girls acted very gentlemanly indeed.

At the same time those who did not dance had a program of entirely new games, on the second floor. Miss Carlisle directed the games and everybody had a rollicking time.

At 5 o'clock the girls went to Room A, and the boys to A. H. The favors were distributed and then the real fun began. The girls took their lunch boxes and went to A. H. Each girl had a card with half an illustration on it. Some boy had the corresponding half. The exciting moment came when, in the presence of the entire assembly, the halves were matched and the couples thus "paired" for lunch. Very soon the whole Assembly became an animated Mother Goose party. The "Dish" ran away with the "Spoon"; the "Spider" sat down by "Miss Moffett" and "Jack Spratt" decided to find out what "Mrs. Spratt" had in her box. Lillian Bourbonnais as a "Glass of Lemonade" found in Leonard Simms "A Sunkist Lemon." When the entire company had been arranged, they marched to the basement where supper was eaten in true picnic fashion, and everybody had a most satisfying time. Although it was snowing hard when the party broke up at 7 o'clock, some of the girls saw the affair through to the end and escorted their partners safely home. It was universally the opinion that this was the best Freshman party ever.

BASKET BALL BANQUET

Vim—Vigor—Victory and Push. That's Pep!!! And pep we had at the basket ball banquet. Were you there? If not, you missed one of the liveliest social times of the school season. All afternoon a committee worked to get the gym ready for a banquet hall. At six o'clock all was in readiness. The guests were seated at six tables gay with cut flowers and senior class colors, blue and yellow, and red and white, the school colors (according to Team, Speakers, Faculty and Classmen.)

Then came the "eats"—A roast Beef Dinner—and all its trimmings. After the coffee came the toasts—a small printed program in the school colors red and white was found at each one's place.

As a good send off, a few songs and yells were indulged in. Then with Carlton Hill acting as toastmaster, the following toasts were given.

Athletics in School by our Superintendent Mr. Davis, who said, that while athletics had not played so great a part in previous years, he was very glad they were coming into prominence. And if athletics were backed up in the future with the splendid spirit that was now manifested among the students they could not but succeed. Mr. Lake and Mr. G. Davis of the Y. M. C. A., coaches of the Basket Ball Team, followed Mr. Davis and pointed out to us, that we had a team worthy of our support, and successful because of our earnest backing. Mr. Hungerford, with a word for each, presented the players with their letters. Also to Albert Hogan, who acted so splendidly as cheer leader. Frederick Moore, the year's captain, thanked the school for its support and reminded the team that victory comes while working together, not as individuals.

Byron Phillips—next year's captain, with a few words for the next year's team, closed a most successful affair. Much credit is to be given to the Senior Council for bringing this event about, and carrying it on in such a successful manner.

"Why didn't Adam and Eve own an automobile?"

"Because they didn't have attire."

"Didn't you if girl a be wouldn't you, it read would you knew we."

Throw her into reverse!!!! Read it backward!!!!!!

M. G. (at movie) "All that I can see are shadows and a sign board."

M. M. "It isn't so bad when the sign board says seven miles to Port Huron."

Miss Rush—"What happened to the associates of Booth after the murder of Lincoln?"

M. Akers—"They were hanged and put in prison."

Eleanor Cady, at Basket Ball Banquet: "Gee, I'd like a roll."

Rosabel Lee—"There's lots of floor space."

Miss Woodward: What is the definition of go?

Eugene Wulfman: Coming the other way.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club is completing its fourth year as a musical organization of the High School.

The following officers were elected last fall when the club reassembled for the year 1919-20.

President	- - - - -	Irma Morris
Secretary and Treasurer	- -	Carmela Graziadei
Pianist	- - - - -	Adeline Lymburner

The Club treasury consists of dues paid by the members, ten cents a month. This is used for the general expenditures of the club.

The girls have been rehearsing for the past months the Cantata, "Pan on a Summer Day." On May 25 this is to be given in the form of a double program to open the new Junior High Auditorium. The Boys' Glee Club presents a musical play the same evening. The proceeds from the program will start as a corner-stone for the building up of a "High School Orchestra" next year. The two Glee Clubs realize the need of an orchestra and will do their best to make one an established factor of High School life. A school is not complete without a number of musical circles, nor without people who maintain an interest in music.

The Clubs are especially fortunate in having as a leader Miss Edna Fraser, who is so enthusiastic in all affairs pertaining to the development of musical talent in the public school.

The members of the club are: Irma Morris, Letta Peters, Helen Brothwell, Marjorie Bonner, Mabel Brothwell, Isabel Annas, Alice West, Evelyn Jackson, Marion Stewart, Mary Collins, Blanch Warren, Beth Eliot, Etta Stocks, Frances Smith, Nina Powrie, Lila Miller, Hazel Van Tine, Helen Mitchell, Wanda Loope, Lillian Duck, Carmela Graziadei, Olive McIntosh, Lillian Fox, Ada Maxwell, Leona Stevenson, Pauline Gibson, Joyce Minor.

—A. LYMBURNER

Miss Woodward (in English 4) "Alton, what are Vedas?"

Alton Reeves: "Potatoes."

Miss Woodward: "No they are the Sacred books of India."

How doth the gentle laundress
 Seek out the weakest joints,
 And always scrape the buttons off
 At most strategic points?



Girls' Glee Club



Boys' Glee Club

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

This club, one of the regular institutions of our school, is completing a most satisfactory year. Miss Edna Fraser, the directress, was anxious to try something more ambitious than the usual songs. This something is to be presented at the New Washington School auditorium. It will consist of a musical skit entitled: "Uncle Sam's Boys in Camp." The plot centers around a wager between two officers. One (Allen Carlisle) claims that he can impersonate a woman and the other (Earl Hartson) discredits this claim. The singing is being coached by Miss Fraser and the staging by Miss Luella Small. This is expected to be one of the greatest events in the history of the club.

The officers of the club are as follows:

President	- - - - -	Lloyd Reid
Sec'y & Treas.	- - - - -	Albert Hogan
Pianist	- - - - -	Harlan Hungerford

Members:

First Tenors: *Raymond Boadway, *Allen Carlisle, *Lloyd Reid.

Second Tenors: *George Lenox, Malcolm Charlton, Arthur Baker.

Baritones: Charles Taylor, Charles Conat, Fred Baker, *Earl Hartson, Alfred Browning.

Bass: William Hill, William Baker, *Albert Hogan, *Francis Appel.

*In the cast of the musical play mentioned above.

L. REID.

COMMUNITY SERVICE

The Community civics department has had a number of opportunities this year to render community service, and to show the real meaning of civics instruction.

The most important work undertaken was that of the "Clean Up and Paint Up" Campaign from May 8 to May 15. Under the direction of the Port Huron Community Council, a number of projects for civic improvement were launched, and plans for permanent betterment formed. The program for community recreation upon a big scale, for an up-to-date Board of Health, and the care of trees is of continued interest.

The Camera Club did excellent work in collecting pictures for posters, and the Civics classes aided in the out-of-town publicity by sending an announcement of the campaign to the executives of seventy-five cities.

During the week of May 25, the Civics students had charge of the junior drive in the Port Huron City Hospital membership campaign.

The class has, upon several occasions, assisted Superintendent H. A. Davis in collecting data upon educational problems connected with his office, and has done well.



The eighth session of the Port Huron High School House of Representatives opened with a great display of enthusiasm. About forty boys responded to Referee Anderson's call which was to the effect that a meeting be held to make plans for the year's work. Debating and work in parliamentary law was begun at once and a large number of boys interested in debating turned out for practice every night. The House participated in one dual debate with Lansing on the subject of "Compulsory Military Training" and lost both debates. A series of out-of-town debates has been planned which usually prove interesting and instructive to both audience and debators. Many bills were brought up on contemporary subjects among them "Segregation of the Negro," "Provision for Athletic Training for the Young Ladies of the P. H. H. S. classes, and "To Provide for the Abolishment of Senior Session Rooms," were treated in the bills. Members were deeply engrossed over their outcome as was shown by the fiery scenes enacted at the different meetings.

The House is now preparing for its annual banquet and aims to have present a representative delegation from each member of the Federated Houses of Michigan as guests and invitations are now being sent to them. The business men of the city are included as the means of bringing a closer and more intimate connection between House members and experienced men of life. A good speaker has been selected for the occasion and a fine time is expected by all as a closing event to a successful year.

Officers:

Speaker	- - - - -	Paul Brown
Vice-Speaker	- - - - -	Lloyd Reid
Clerk	- - - - -	George McInnis
Treasurer	- - - - -	Curtis Chalcraft
Sergeant-at-Arms	- - - - -	Carlton Hill
Public Press Correspondent	- - - - -	Malcolm Charlton
Student Correspondent	- - - - -	James Ramsey

Members:

Francis Appel, John Allen, Frank Allen, William Andrews, Jack Beamer, John Congo, Franklin Cowles, Kenneth Church, William Hartman, William Kresin, Eugene Moak, Eldred Miller, Edward Parsons, John Ross, Samuel Stecher, Charles Taylor, Russell Wonderlic.

Theodore Anderson, Referee.





Senior Council

The Student Council of the Senior class is a small body of Senior classmen and teachers which was brought into being by the class for its better government. In order to understand and fully appreciate the actions and results of this Council, a brief sketch of its origin and struggles for existence is most important.

It happened one day, that the Seniors had, as individuals and as a class, reached a point where they felt that they could no longer stand the great wave of criticism that was rolling toward them from every direction. A few of the boys met accidentally and discussed the problem. Their plan was to suggest a Student Council as a remedy and if it met with the approval of the class, to give Student Government a fair trial. This was done. The idea of a controlling Council was accepted and became a fact at the next regular class meeting. The Council, as chosen, is composed of Carlton Hill, Chairman; Ruth Sturmer and James Ramsey, Student Members; and Miss Northrup, Miss Everham and Mr. Hungerford, Faculty Members.

The Council held its first meeting only a few days after its appointment.

At that meeting, Ruth Sturmer was asked by the Chairman to keep the minutes of the meeting. The Chairman had ten things on which he wanted the Council to work. The most important of these was the installation of the one way traffic system in the halls of the High School. The Council spent much time on the plans for the system and finally completed them just before spring vacation. The first week after spring vacation saw the members of the Council busy with these plans. There was a gong to be secured and installed. This was done under direction of Mr. Harry Smith. There were plans and explanations to be presented in the five session rooms. There were the floors to be chalked. All of this took time and energy, but it was done in time to start the new system Monday, April 12. We are proud of our "one way" system, but we are even more proud of the successful basket ball banquet of which the Council took charge under the Chairmanship of Ruth Sturmer. The school spirit which was manifested by the laughter and songs, was such as brings victory to teams and fame to schools. Some things which the Council has undertaken have not been as pleasantly received as was hoped. This was due to the fact that the students were not gradually prepared for the plan and were not in accord with it. As long as the Council does constructive work and keeps the students back of it, it will be a lasting body. Its members are open to suggestions both from students and teachers.

The Student Council wishes to take this opportunity for thanking those members of the Senior class, of the school at large and of the faculty, who have stood behind its efforts and have co-operated so helpfully in everything it has tried to do.

Miss Ross: "Miss Davis, did you rip out your neck and press it?"

Miss Northrup in English I: "Who was King Albert?"

Miss Harrison: "Queen of England."

Miss Ross: "Please sew up your sides and put a flat fell on your shoulders."

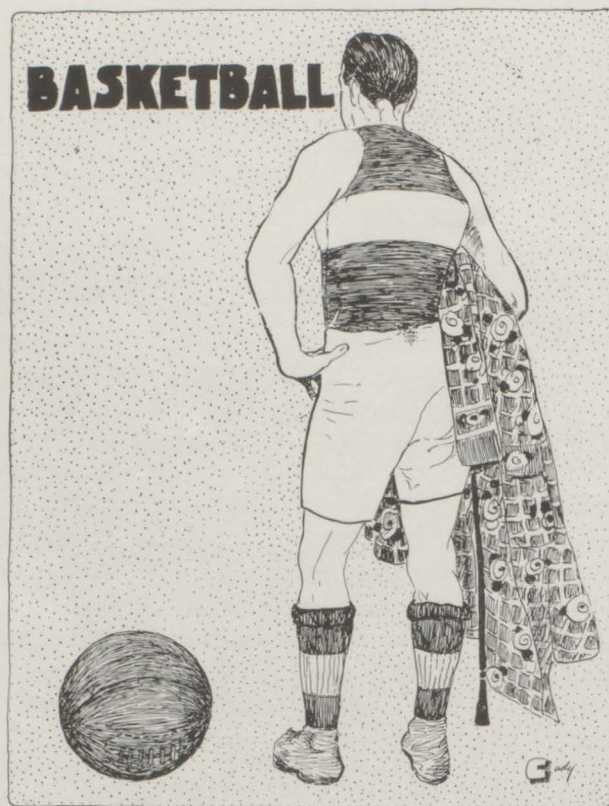
Miss Miller: "What is the difference between annual and biennial plants?"

Clessen Hawley: "Annual plants die once a year, and biennial plants die twice a year."

Miss McCollom, putting down the window: "That noise out there will make me hoarse."

One day, Gordon Tappan, Ed. Moore, and Hank Langtry were discussing what great man each looked like. Gordon said he had been taken for ex-president Roosevelt; Hank Langtry said he was thought to bear a resemblance to President Wilson. "That's nothing," said Ed. "The other day when I was standing on the corner a policeman come along and said, 'Holy Moses! Are you here again?'"

What attracts Eunice Eichhorn's eyes out of the window so much?



REVIEW OF THE 1919-1920 BASKETBALL SEASON

The team this year went through one of the most successful seasons that it has ever had in this school, and only the numerous accidents that have befallen us kept us from winning an even larger number of games.

Practice started just as soon as school began after the Christmas vacation, and about fifty candidates reported for the first practice, which made it a very difficult task for the coach and all advisors to weed them out and still pick the best that could be obtained.

After only a few practices the team journeyed to Mt. Clemens and due to the lack of training and the few practices that they had during the week before they went down to defeat under a score of 25 to 19 in spite of leading throughout the game. This however did not dishearten the team as they came back strong the next week and swamped the Marine City High, under an overwhelming score of 54 to 23. At this junction of the season, Mr. Glenn H. Davis of the local Y. M. C. A. came forward and offered his assistance to the High School and considering the amount of experience that he has had in the game, it was very valuable, and was appreciated by all who noticed the decided change.

All due respect to the way in which Ann Arbor treated us and the courteousness that they showed before and after the game, we can hardly look back to that game and still think that we were beaten as they only had a one-man team and he scored over two-thirds of the points made by them, and

nearly all of them were made from the center of the floor where it was almost impossible to stop him. If the foul basket shooting art had been more developed at this stage of the game the score would have been a great deal higher as eighteen fouls were called on the Ann Arbor team and only four of them were made. The final score of 38 to 24 showed how we battled and lost.

In past games the lack of enthusiasm seemed to add to the downfall of the team, but in the U. of D. game they turned out with a good hearty pair of lungs in each person and the way the team fought showed how much good rooting did. Although we were without the services of Capt. Moore, his place was ably filled by Grant Moore and the game was one of the cleanest and hard-fought games of the season. U. of D. was greatly handicapped with the low ceiling in the Armory and the game would have probably gone differently if we had been playing on their floor. However we won by a good score of 28 to 21.

One game that will go down in the history of basketball in Port Huron High School is the Highland Park game which we won after having been on the low side of the score at the end of the first three quarters. In the final quarter the team took a brace and succeeded in outplaying the visitors and winning by a two point margin. Capt. Moore was again out of the game and his absence was again considerably noticed, but the team played shoulder to shoulder and carried off the game by a score of 22 to 20.

We got revenge for the defeat handed us at the first game of the season and played Mt. Clemens to a standstill. The final score read 42 to 17, although two subs were used which shows that we could have even made a larger score if the regulars had stayed in the game throughout. Deng made 12 of the 17 points for the visitors and his showing was one that impressed all who saw the game.

Although we are not crying over spilt milk, we will say that we received a raw deal at Saginaw when we played Arthur Hill High, of that city. The forwards failed to show up to their usual standard and only the good guarding on the part of Philip and Stuart kept the score as low as it was.

We have the same alibi for the Flint game as their referee gave them everything that he possibly could and a little more, too, and we received the worst defeat of the season at their hands. We don't say that we would have won if we had the services of Fred Moore, but we do know that there would have been a great difference in the score which ended 30 to 15 in favor of the Flint aggregation.

Cast you eyes, Ladies and Gentlemen, on the records in past years and try to find a game that showed half of the fighting spirit in it as did the return game with Flint. If they had been younger they would have probably cried, but since they were supposed to be High School students they just kicked throughout the game, and the kicking seemed to detract their attention from the playing as they could only make a basket once in a while. However, we will say that they succeeded in keeping on an even basis with the team and the game ended with the score tie, and it was necessary to play



BASKET BALL TEAM

B. Philip	-	-	-	-	-	-	Forward
C. Holth	-	-	-	-	-	-	Forward
F. Moore (Capt.)	-	-	-	-	-	-	Center
G. Moore	-	-	-	-	-	-	Guard
R. Stuart	-	-	-	-	-	-	Guard
H. Ross	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sub.
W. Frink	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sub.

two extra periods before the Red and White team was awarded the victory. The enthusiasm in this game was so pronounced that it was necessary several times for the referee to call time in order to make himself heard. We came away that night with a score of 29 to 26 chalked up to our list, and the game will long remain in the minds of all who saw it.

Saginaw Eastern came with the usual confidence that marks all the "Big Town Stuff" and they returned humbled under a score of 34 to 24 featured by the clean playing of the visitors, as only two technical fouls were called on them, and people admitted that it was the cleanest game that has ever been played on the local Basketball court.

Crowds of all Crowds the Cass Tech. game proved to be a record beater, as the sides of the hall were packed to their capacity and for the first time in the history of basketball some were turned away. "Yes, we won," but it was as close as it could possibly be without it being a tie. After the first few minutes of play we were badly handicapped as Fred Moore wrenched his knee, and could hardly walk, but through sheer nerve he stayed in the game and succeeded in making five baskets, which helped very materially in the final score. The score was tie at the end of the first three quarters, and only a sudden spurt at the close of the game allowed us to win by a score of 30 to 29.

F. Moore was out of the game again when we went to the Tournament, and we lost our first game to the fast Ypsilanti team by a score of 28 to 14 which eliminated us from the tournament. It was no disgrace to be beaten by Ypsilanti as they landed in the finals and were defeated by Lansing.

After all the talk that we have heard from the Faculty we certainly will have to give them credit for appearing on the floor in the wonderful condition that they did. They have been keeping in good condition even though it is a hard task with all the temptations that they have before them. The Faculty came on the floor with five captains on the five man team, and each was just as good as could be expected. "Tubby" made a basket that was just like the kind you read about. Lake was greatly disappointed when they didn't give him the glad hand when he appeared in the scene. Smith would look better in a bathrobe than he did in a basketball suit. Harboldt with a little more practice will be able to make the Washington Independents (Junior High team) in the course of a year or two. MacIntosh would make a good man in the back seat of a Studebaker as he more than hugged the opposing players and was wont to let go without assistance from others.

All joking aside we had a bunch that played the game for all it was worth, and each and every one of them wish to thank Mr. Lake and G. H. Davis for the valuable assistance they gave which helped in many ways. We also wish to thank Mr. H. I. Snyder for refereeing the Highland Park game, as it was one of the hardest and largest games of the season.

E. K. T.

GAMES:

Port Huron	Opponents
*P. H. H. S.....19	Mt. Clemens25
P. H. H. S.....54	Marine City23
*P. H. H. S.....24	Ann Arbor38
P. H. H. S.....28	U. of D.....21
P. H. H. S.....22	Highland Park20
P. H. H. S.....42	Mt. Clemens17
*P. H. H. S.....24	Saginaw A. H.....29
*P. H. H. S.....15	Flint30
P. H. H. S.....29	Flint26
P. H. H. S.....34	Saginaw Eastern24
P. H. H. S.....30	Cass Tech29
*P. H. H. S.....14	Ypsilanti28
P. H. H. S.....32	Faculty8
367	318

	F. Moore	Philp	Holth	Frink	G. Moore	Stuart	Ross
1. Mt. Clemens*	13	0	2	2	2	0	X
2. Marine City	30	4	14	4	2	0	X
3. Ann Arbor*	14	3	4	3	0	0	X
4. U. of D.	X	6	10	8	4	0	X
5. Highland Park	X	4	8	6	4	0	0
6. Mt. Clemens	20	8	8	0	6	0	X
7. Saginaw A. H.	12	6	4	0	2	0	X
8. Flint*	X	9	2	0	4	0	0
9. Flint	8	17	2	X	0	0	2
10. Saginaw Eastern	12	12	8	X	2	0	0
11. Cass Tech.	10	12	8	X	0	0	X
12. Ypsilanti*	X	8	2	2	2	0	0
13. Faculty	8	5	3	10	6	0	0
	127	94	75	35	34	0	2

*Abroad. X Not in game.

Teacher: "What are waves?"

Ed. Moore: "Waves are the unstillness on top of the water."

Jack McCowan—What was the color of the wind, and waves in a storm?

F. Allen—I give up.

J. M.—The wind blue, the waves rose.

E. Meisel: "Do you regard tobacco as injurious?"

"Unquestionably," answered G. Tappan. "My smoking has done terrible damage to the parlor curtains and mother's disposition."

TOURNAMENT

The tournament at Ypsilanti was a fitting climax to a season which had been marked from the first by more than the usual amount of setbacks and injuries.

Owing to the large number of entries, it was decided not to hold a "consolation" series. This meant that the team which lost its first or second game was eliminated while the team which lost in the final, would still have second place. Our team went into the first game against Ypsilanti High School minus the services of Captain Moore who was injured in the last game of the season. Against this parched line-up, the Ypsi team, which was playing before its home crowd, started with a rush and at a pace which couldn't last but which netted 13 points the first quarter against the two which were all that we could gather in the same length of time.

Starting the second quarter with an eleven point handicap, with defeat and elimination looming larger as the minutes passed, our team fought with that spirit of grim determination which has brought the crowd to its feet and turned defeat into victory so many times during the past season, holding the opposing team on even terms, and scoring basket for basket with them so that the half ended with the same margin in favor of Ypsi as at the quarter.

In the third quarter we kept up the fight and succeeded in gaining a point but lost that and three more in the final quarter and when the whistle blew, the score stood 28-14 in favor of Ypsi, yet never for an instant, until the final whistle did blow, did the team falter, and the last second of the game found them contesting every inch of the way and, when it became apparent that they must lose, fighting to reduce the lead of their opponents.

Even though we lost in the first game, most of the boys stayed to see the entire tournament and were well repaid, because they were privileged to see some very fast games, and the experience gained was worth much to next year's team.

The tournament as a whole was very well conducted and we were very cordially allowed the freedom of the campus, and everyone outdid himself to make our stay pleasant.

It might be interesting to note that Ypsi was only beaten by Lansing in the final game, taking second place in the tournament.

TRACK

The track team has been practicing for several weeks to get into shape for the meets. One is to be held in Sarnia May 17, and the County Field Meet is to be held at Tashmoo June 4. We have plenty of good runners and other good men necessary to make an excellent track team.

Mr. Hilsinger to Commercial Geography class, "The rich pampas grass of the Parana valley is so fine that the cattle fatten entirely on it. Mr. McCowan what do they use the corn for, which they raise?"

J. McCowan (just waking up) "Why, they use it to fatten the cattle on."

BASEBALL



The base ball team was somewhat handicapped at the first of the season as the weather would not permit practice. After getting a rather late start, the team has done very well. At the time of going to press we have won five out of the first six games, only losing the first one, which was probably due to the lack of practice. We have a fine team and at present it looks as though we ought to have a championship one. Charles Bonnett was elected Captain, and is easily the leader. We have a very good schedule ahead of us. Schedule follows:

- April 17—Richmond at Port Huron.
- April 24—Croswell at Croswell.
- May 1—Memphis at Port Huron.
- May 7—Marine City at Marine City.
- May 8—Memphis at Memphis.
- May 12—St. Clair at Port Huron.
- May 14—Marine City at Port Huron.
- May 21—St. Clair at St. Clair.
- May 22—Detroit Central at Port Huron.
- May 28—Flint at Flint.
- May 29—Brown City at Brown City.
- June 4—Field Day at Tashmoo.
- June 5—Highland Park at Highland Park.
- June 9—Detroit North Western at Port Huron.







Alumni of 1919

- Adams, Fred—Marysville Land Co.
 Baer, Marguerite—At home.
 Barrett, Helen—Woman's Benefit Ass'n.
 Bennett, Elizabeth—Ely Court School.
 Bradley, George—Bradley Trucking Co.
 Bradley, Mary—Post Office, Hermansville.
 Brotherton, Earl—University of Michigan.
 Brothwell, Roy—At home.
 Brown, Edith—Michigan Agricultural College.
 Browne, Marjorie—Oberlin.
 Campbell, Margaret—Michigan Agricultural College.
 Cochran, Charlotte—University of Michigan.
 Crimmons, Frank—Grand Trunk Office.
 Dane, Lynn—Teaching.
 Dart, Adelaide—Port Huron Business University.
 Davidson, Arthur—University of Michigan.
 DeLyon, Leona—Detroit, Mich.
 Dunbar, Helen—Draper Manufacturing Co.
 Endlich, Helen—Port Huron Business University.
 Fead, Anna—University of Michigan.
 Ferret, Winifred—Teaching.
 Fitzgerald, Verna—John Smith Insurance Co.
 Gerrie, Ruth—Woman's Benefit Ass'n.
 Gigax, Mayde—Dr. Weston's Office.
 Gleason, Gertrude—Pere Marquette Office.
 Hamlin, Mary—Riverside Printing Co.
 Hart, Harold—University of Michigan.
 Hart, Viola—Teaching.
 Hartson, Earl—Post-Graduate.
 Hilliker, Lenore—Stevenson Electric Co.
 Hill, Harold—Wills-Lee Co.
 Hochleitner, Martha—Wright Carriage Co.
 Howard, Thomas—Flint, Mich.
 Howell, Hazel—Grand Trunk Office.
 Jenks, Edward—Michigan Agricultural College.
 Kaiser, Ruth—Woman's Benefit Ass'n.
 Kimball, LeVange—Modern Maccabee Temple.
 Kleinstiver, Louis—University of Michigan.
 Little, Leona—At home.
 Little, Leonard—Little Bros. Foundry.
 Magahay, Bessie—Library.
 Magahay, Harry—Grand Trunk Office.
 Major, Dorothy—Engine & Thresher Co.
 Marlette, Harold—Jacobi & Bowen.
 MacTaggart, David—University of Michigan.
 McCracken, William—University of Michigan.
 McCowan, Madeline—At home.
 Moore, Laura—Mount Ida School.
 Norris, Russell—Port Huron Sulphite & Paper Co.
 Neville, Marjorie—University of Wisconsin.
 Ottaway, William—University of Michigan.
 Phillips, Hope—Simmons College.
 Purkiss, Jessie—Chemistry Dept., Muellers.
 Randall, Nellie—Engine & Thresher Co.
 Rauser, Courtney—Sperry's Office Dept.
 Ream, Esther—Kerr Lumber Co.
 Roberts, Greta—Nurse, Battle Creek Sanitarium.
 Sarjeant, Dorothy—Woman's Benefit Association.
 Schnackenberg, Cora—Michigan Agricultural College.
 Schuberth, Mary—At home.
 Smith, Raymond—University of Michigan.
 Smith, Harold—University of Michigan.
 Silhavy, George—University of Michigan.
 Smith, Mildred—Oil-Dag Co.
 Smith, Frances—Simmons College.
 Schell, Neva—Port Huron Business University.
 Smith, Evah—Albion College.
 Scupholm, Ross—Port Huron Sulphite & Paper Co.
 Sullivan, Samuel—Post-Graduate.
 Stoudt, Fred—Federal & Commercial Bank.
 Sylvester, Wilbur—University of Michigan.
 Toft, Margaret—University of Michigan.
 Tennant, Dorothy—Detroit.
 Waugh, Harold—Federal Commercial Bank.
 Watts, Daniel—University of Michigan.

Annapolis, March 26, 1920.

My dear friends:

Tell something about Annapolis! Now that's rather an easy assignment, still there are so many things to tell that to stick to something may be hard.

First of all, the Annapolis I'm going to talk about isn't "Crabtown," the capital of Maryland, it is the United States Naval Academy, the one thing that keeps the city from sinking into oblivion. Second, this place isn't a training school where officers are trained to enter the Navy, it IS the Navy. When we enter, we take the same oath that any man takes upon entering the Navy. When we leave, we either graduate, resign, or get discharged, we do not quit.

Because it is the Navy, the Academy is a mass of tradition. These traditions take on the form of "rates," unofficial distinctions between classes that make passing from one class to another a matter of some consequence.

Before I go and tell you some of these "rates," so that you will understand what I am talking about, I want to say, the classes here are not Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman, they are First, Second, Third and Fourth classes or better First, Second, "Youngster" and "Plebe" classes.

Now to go on with "rates." "Rates" is too broad a term to define in ordinary "cit" language. A "plebe" rates two "mokes" and a "gyrene" off duty. "Mokes" are negroes and "gyrenes" are marines. There were times during "plebe" year when I doubt that I rated even that. Plebes braced up at table, look straight ahead, and do not speak unless spoken to. It is a "plebe" rate to answer all questions from, "How much does a ship weight, Mister?" to "What is the straight dope on Einstein's theory?" and to tack a Sir on each answer. To say "I don't know, Sir!" is to go hunting for trouble because a "plebe" rates knowing everything. He rates "stepping out" to formations and in general he gets it "rubbed in" a good deal. It takes all the conceit out of a fellow and has been the making of more than one good man.

The June after he enters the "plebe" becomes a "youngster." His first act thereupon is to "bust" ranks in the Armory, hand his gun to a 2nd classman, and then join the snake dance in Lovers Lane. Lovers Lane is not a "plebe" rate.

A "youngster" gets along pretty well. He is recognized as a human by the upper classes, but to keep him from getting too big, you might say, measures have to be taken. These measures come in the form of getting reported for breaking nearly every one of the nine hundred and sixty-five regulations some time or other.

When all this is over he is a second classman. The second classman is a "non-reg," bolshevik or anything you want to call such tendencies. He doesn't care. He "runs" plebes, has pockets in his "trou," "busts" exams, and in due time becomes first class, perhaps as a company officer or at least as a "non-ratey three diagonal" man. Now he "rates" smoking officially for the first time. He rates everything, or as we say, he rates king.

There you have them, a few of the "rates." Only a midshipman can understand them. They are law to him and lived up to far better than any regulation.

I might mention some thing about the course of study and the regimental organization, except that if I remember correctly when I read the "Student" topics on work or any of its relations did not much interest me, so now I'll just say this: the Academy grows on one. The more you know of it the better you like it. The trouble is getting to know it. You do that only after a "plebe" year.

If any of you fellows who read this think of trying for the place, make sure you are ready for the Navy as a life work, tell yourself you are going to like it, stick through your first year and then you will never want to leave.

Now that I've done my best to give you a little knowledge of the place, I'll wish the "Student" every success, and may it be as good as the one we put out in '18.

Sincerely,

ARTHUR L. HAMLIN.

SALLIE A. CRANE SCHOLARSHIP FUND

A few years ago at a meeting of the Alumni Association of Port Huron High School an admission was charged to defray expenses. There was a balance of about ten dollars. This was increased by a forty-five dollar gift from the class of 1914. The Class of '16 contributed a fifty dollar Liberty Bond.

Early in 1915 a graduate of this school made an application for a loan from the association. She had been teaching in a rural school, and desired the opportunity of a broader training in order to secure a better position. The use of forty-five dollars was given her. Last fall a grateful young woman returned fifty dollars to the Association. She had secured the desired training and was holding a good position in a Detroit school. She has said that she would still be teaching in the country school if it were not for the loan at a critical time.

Last December at the passing of Mrs. Sallie A. Crane, a beloved teacher of two generations, the officers of the Association decided to perpetuate her memory by creating a permanent scholarship fund. A life so replete with service to the youth of the city, an influence so gentle that her memory will always be enshrined in the hearts of her pupils must be commemorated in a living service rather than in bronze tablets or inanimate marble. A scholarship fund will be a most fitting memorial to a noble woman.

Nearly 1200 students have graduated from the High School and are now scattered far and wide. They will soon be given an opportunity to contribute

to this fund. Many contributions have already come unsolicited from life long friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Crane.

Mrs. Edith Probett Marcy '92—\$5.00.

Shakespeare Club—\$25.00.

Alumni Association—\$50.00 Bond.

Other sums from \$1.00 to \$5.00.

Several pledges for \$5.00 annually.

On hand—\$157.00.

Pledges—\$200.00.

The committee desires a fund of \$1500.00. It is interesting that Mrs. Marcy of Brooklyn, New York, should be one of the first to pledge for such a fund without being solicited.

The purpose of this fund is to help the pupils of Port Huron High School. Each year the teachers see the tragedy of their brightest pupils leaving school on account of inadequate finances. These boys and girls are forced many times to go into uncongenial work, whereas with a little help at a crucial time they could continue their education and then be able to secure better positions with increased opportunities. This is where the fund will step in and help. Where they wish to avail themselves of a broader education the fund will likewise be available. It will be loaned to applicants whose scholarship and responsibility will be closely investigated.

Opportunity knocks at the door of Port Huron. Boys and girls can secure good positions but they can secure even better ones with increased school attendance. There is now an object for the Association to work for in creating and maintaining a permanent scholarship fund.

It is hoped that each graduating class will contribute something. Surely this is little enough in appreciation of the privilege of being able to remain in school. Let all help to perpetuate this fund remembering that service is the basic law of life.

GRACE LORETTA MEISEL '96.

President of Alumni Ass'n.

Freshman—"I'll race you and beat you if you'll let me choose the course and give a me a yard's start."

Chick Harley—"Fifty dollars to one said he, confidently. "Name your course."

Freshman—"Up a ladder."

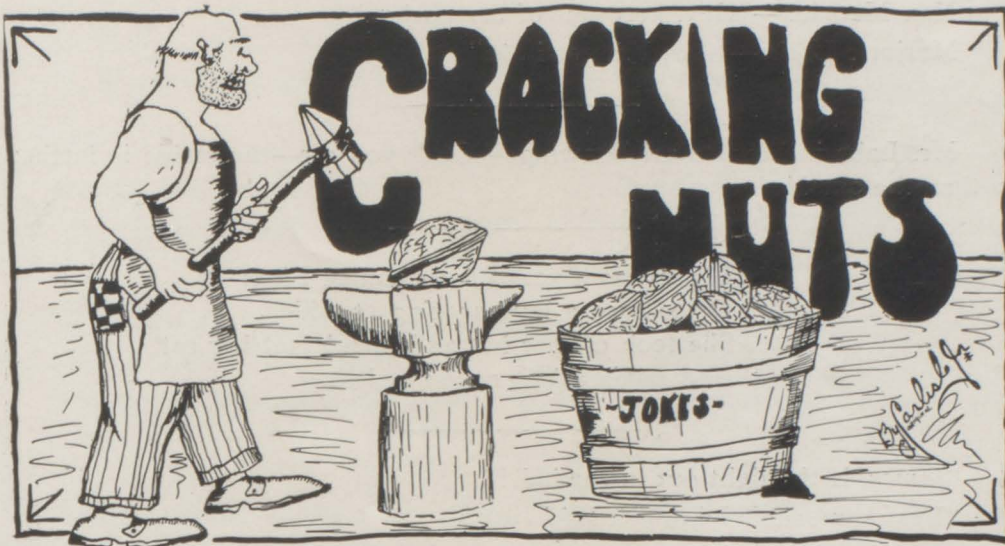
"Met a fellow with some Jewish wine yesterday."

"Where'd he get it?"

"Hebrew ed it."

Russel—"On what grounds does your father object to me?"

Hazel—"On any grounds within a mile of our house."



There may be some you've heard
 But there'll be many that are new
 Remember the ones that you've heard
 May not have been heard by others too.

Joke Editors.

Miss Northrup—English 8—"Mr. Ross, your spelling is absolutely unspeakable. How do you spell dearest?"

Harry Ross—Absentmindedly—"D-O-R-I-S."

Miss Rush in History 7—"Do we outgrow laws?"

"Yes, the curfew law."

Jean Marsden, talking French—"Est ce que ces mots."

A young Freshie—"What did you say about Eskimos."

Butterfly business is all right until the frost comes. (Six week tests.)

Doctor—"Are you ill? Let me see your tongue."

L. King—"It's no use. No tongue can tell how bad I feel."

A Toast—Carlton Hill

"Here's to the good girl,—
 Not too good, for the good die young,
 And we don't want dead ones."

Nan Marsden—"Hey, keep out of my pocket."

Marjorie Locke—"Aw, I'm not in it."

Mr. Lake in Mechanical Drawing—"Can't you see—the inside is farther in than the outside."

There was a young lady named Fitch
Who heard a loud snoring at which,
She took off her hat and found that her rat
Had fallen asleep at her switch.

"James, is the light out in the hall?"

"Yes mum, shall I bring it in?"

Freddie Moore—"I can't see how the women keep up to the times in these tight skirts."

John Howard—"What are the instruments of law?"

Malcolm Wright—"Handcuffs."

Francis Appel—"Marriage is the longest sentence that can be imposed by justice."

7th Hour Eng. VI—Miss Hayward—"What is despotism?"

Kenneth DeGraw (Undertone) "Rule by a woman."

You said it, Kenneth, You said it!

H. Boodway—speaking of a certain factory in town—"Of course they don't let any one in there but they let me in."

Mr. Hilsinger (In Physiography): "Sturmer, how far are we from the earth?"

Freddie: Please Sir, we're standing on it.

J. McCowan—"The land is so arid that the people can grow nothing but cattle."

Mr. Hilsinger to John Howard in Physiography class—"If you care to do gymnastics please get before a class. You remind me of a polywog."

H. Noel: "Hey Demick do you want to see something swell?"

Demick: "Sure."

H. N. (pulling a sponge from his pocket), "put this in water."

George Durand, in fifth hour Algebra (discussing a problem that was just recited on) "I got the same answer only different."

M. Webster: "Why do people say, 'As dead as a door nail?' Why is a door nail deader than a door?"

M. Akers: "Because it has been hit on the head, I suppose."

Arthur Taylor (in 10A class) "Can a person who is killed by a train sue the railroad company for damages?"

Mr. Anderson: "Are there any absentees here?"

PERSONAL

Why does Ruth Schuck like apples?

H. Boadway in Mech. Dr.—"Lake, can I leave the room?"

Mr. Lake—"Yes, don't take it with you as we want to use it the rest of the hour."

Miss Everham, in Spanish class asked for the passive form of the verb 'saw.'

Edward Parsons, after a recent operation: "I have been sawed."

Miss Hayward: "I'll put this memory work for Friday on the Board."

Bill Baker: "What do we have to do with it?"

OLD

L. Deering to E. Eichhorn: "Eunice, tell me what you remember of the panic of 1837."

Mr. Smith (in Physics class) "There is a large amount of gold in sea water if we could extract it profitably."

Al. Hogan: "Now I know what makes gold fish."

Mr. Hilsinger (in Com. Geog.) "Why does Missouri stand at the head in Mules?"

Edw. Parsons: "Because that is the only safe place to stand."

Miss Miller: "Why is it that dates cannot be extensively cultivated in Arizona?"

Art Taylor: "No good-looking girls."

Mr. Hilsinger's question: "Is it easier to raise cane or beets?"

Miss Carlisle—"Edna, does Dorothy Wulfman talk to herself when she is alone?"

Edna—"I don't know. I've never been with her when she is alone."

Mr. Anderson—"Ross, if a farmer sold 1470 bushels of wheat at \$1.17 a bushel, what would he get?"

Martin (promptly)—"A Ford."

Miss Blake—"What is the outline of a story?"

Jean Laird—"The skeleton of the story."

Isabel Ballentine—"Would that be a ghost story?"

Just a little eraser,
And a little dark blue ink,
Make little Johnny's report card,
Look better than you'd think.

Fred Ballentine (At Wagenseil's)—"Have you any brown ties to match my eyes?"

Clerk—"No, but I have some soft hats to match your head."

"WUXTRY!—WUXTRY!!—All about the Freshman scandal. Kenneth Peck seen talking to a girl in the corridor."

Miss Carlisle—"Ross, have you a baby picture of yourself for 'The Student?'"

Martin—"No, but I'll have one taken."

Farmer, to Francis Robinson on his way home from school—"Hey there, what are you doing sitting on that signpost?"

Francis—"Miss Blake told us to write a theme on a signpost, and I'm doing it."

Miss Chapin (In Algebra II)—"How many of you are there on the back row?"

Charlene—"Seven."

Miss Chapin—"Half of you go to the board."

Miss Carlisle has a way of saying all the dead folks aren't in graveyards. This makes us feel spooky when she looks steadily in our direction.

Clerk in St. Clair Department Store to John Ottaway—"See here little boy, I can't waste the whole day showing you penny toys. Do you want the earth with a fence around it, for a cent?"

John—"Let me see it."

Mr. Anderson to Harold Cochran:

"Harold, how much is IXIXI."

Harold—"Three."



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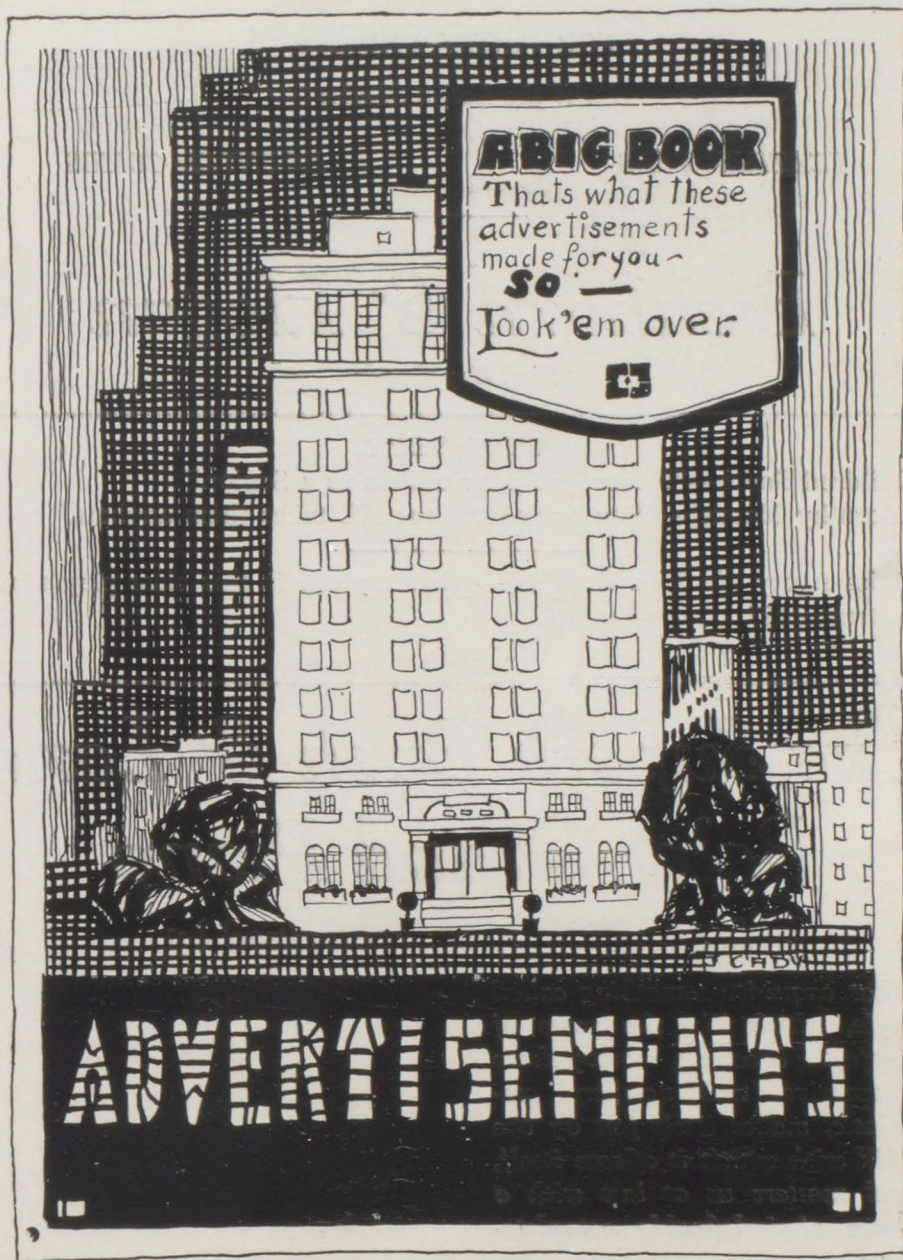
1910

1911

1912

1913

1914



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WHY "HE"?

Mildred Smith—"Never lend your tablets to a Senior."

Dorothy Manuel—"You don't have to; HE takes them anyhow."

Miss Avery (In Voc. English)—"Can any one in this class play a musical instrument?"

Walter Hall—"I can play a Victrola."

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Charlton (In Glee Club practice)—“Now that you’ve heard my voice, where would you advise me to practice?”

Miss Fraser—“Oh, in any thinly populated section.”

Miss Miller—“Why is it that the watermelon has so much water in it?”

Jack Cuttle—“Because the seeds are planted in the spring.”

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He—"A kiss is like a glass of wine of the gods."
She—"Have one on me."

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"They're All Sweeties"—Wayne Frink.
"Ya' Can't Get Lovin' Where There Ain't Any Love"—Albert Dixon.
"Mystery"—James Miller.
"All My Life I've Only Burned a Candle"—Lloyd Reid.
"The Hen and the Cow"—Jack McCowan and Arthur Taylor.
"Who'll Take the Place of Mary?"—Charles Bonnett.
"Oh, How I Laugh When I Think How I Cried Over You"—Carleton Hill.
"Maize and Blue"—Beatrice Isbister.
"You'd Be Surprised"—Doris Deal.
"When You're In Love With Some-one"—James Beresford.
"Everyone Is Meant For Someone"—Edwin Hoffman.
"Buddie"—Margaret Akers.
"Darktown Dancing School"—South Park.
"My Isle of Golden Dreams"—Marysville.
"I Need Affection"—Senior President.
"Who Wants a Baby to Love?"—Mabel Mason.
"Slow and Easy"—Miss Northrup.
"Everybody Calls Me Honey"—John Ross.
"At the Moving Picture Ball"—Marjorie Locke.
-

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Serve Swell

Sodas

Alex. Avery has worked out a trick worthy of a genius, which may be regarded as an intellectual method of avoiding embarrassing situations, such as not being prepared for a lesson. So far it has succeeded. Nose bleeds are common anyway.

H. Boadway: "Bring in the coal before it gets dark."

Brother Boadway: "Why I thought coal was dark at all times."

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New Spring Shoes

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THE HOME OF

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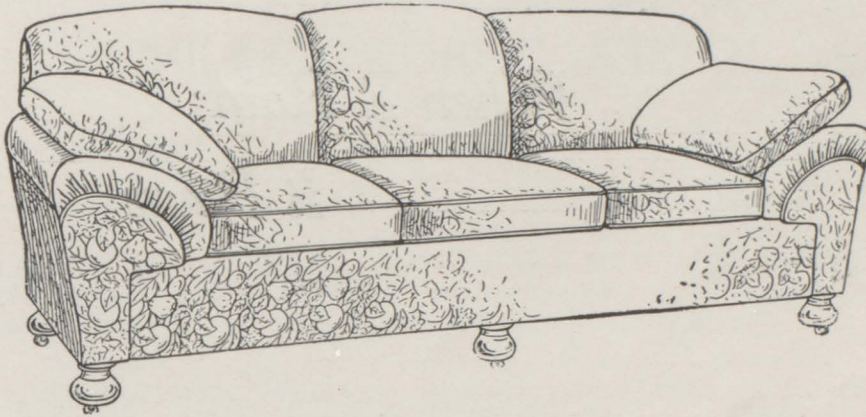
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1st Student: "Young Mr. Browning has a great ear for music."

2nd Student: "Yes, I knew he had a great ear, two of them in fact, but I thought they were for brushing flies off the top of his head."

One day a group of girls were walking up Erie Street and passed a sign on a store "New Century Meat Market." Ealga Goddard just giving it one swift glance brilliantly reads aloud New Cemetery Market."

Harold Dains was speaking of an engagement with Isabel Annis. She said, "But remember, Daddy turns out the lights at 10:00 o'clock." He quickly answers, "All right, I'll be there at ten sharp."

E. Lewis—"I can see they are making shingles out of cement now."

R. Simms—"Then I recall my wish to be a little boy again."

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GRADUATION CARDS

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JOKES

If it takes Fred Ballentine fifteen minutes to eat a pound of salted (?) peanuts, how long will it take Russell Allen to start his fliver when it is 10 degrees below?

CLASS OF 1923

Gertrude—"Do you enjoy your sewing lessons, Maxine?"

Maxine—"You bet I do; I have a ripping time."

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Inquire of Chief Operator, Bell Telephone Building and bring your mother or guardian if you wish. Our proposition should prove attractive.

Michigan State Telephone Company

Mr. Smith: "Why is it that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?"

Byron Philp: "Well after it hits once the same place isn't there any more."

Miss Kress (Lat. 4) "Roy, will you continue the translation please."

Roy Briggs: "Embracing Caesar they began to beg for peace with tears."

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Esther Pace, unlike other girls who use powder to cover up the shine on their noses, uses "Cutex Nail Polish" to make her nose shine.

John Howard, speaking of spruce gum: "I've chewed it right off of the tree."

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Frank Allen, as waiter comes up—"Waiter, are you a good waiter?"
Waiter—"Yes, sir!"
F. Allen—"Well, wait then."

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One day little Johnney, who was about five years old, went to the circus. He had a bag of peanuts in his hand and while he was looking at the animals an elephant reached over and took the peanuts from the boy. The little boy was very angry and said, "You big stiff, if I knew which end your tail was on I'd slap your face."

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Waitress: "Fifteen cents."

F. Appel: "How much is the water?"

Waitress: "Nothing."

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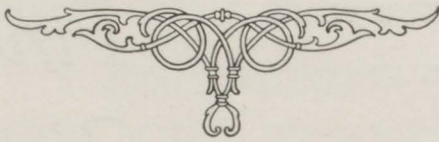
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Reflects the Seniors who thinks "I'M the boss."

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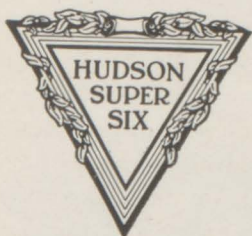
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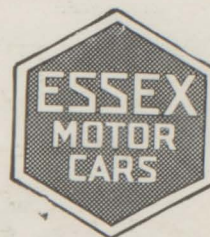
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Mother—"Go on, the sun is setting."
Dull boy—"The sun, the sun is setting."
Mother—"Hurry, go on—The Sun—"
Dull boy (mind wandering) "The sun is setting a set of furniture."

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Start right and use "Pyrex" ware,
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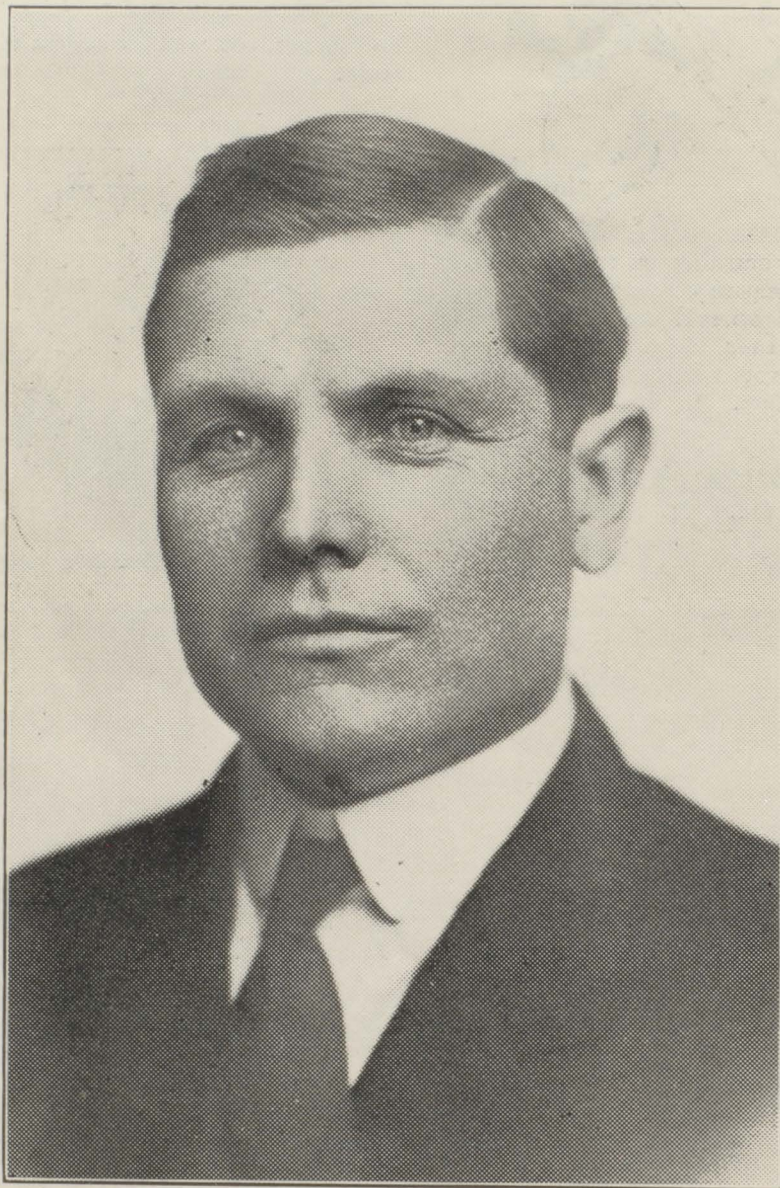


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